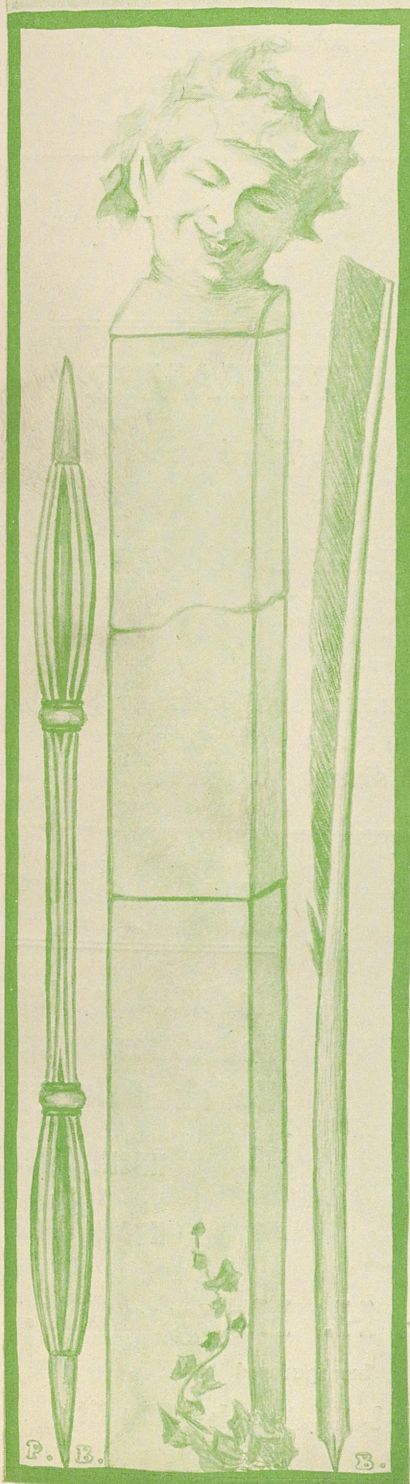


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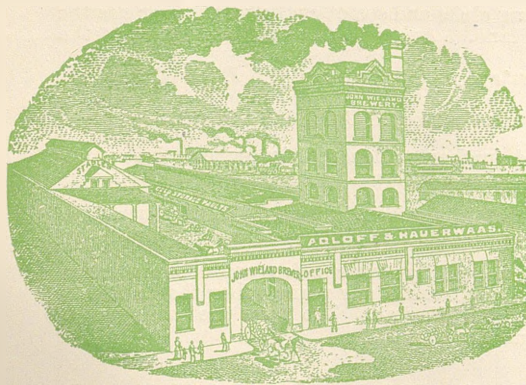
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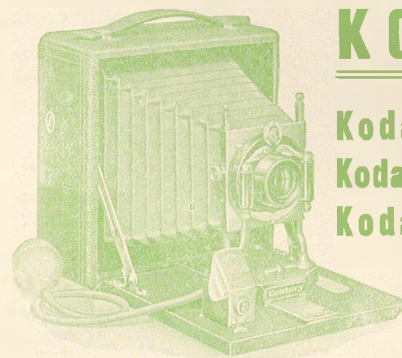
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Who's Who in Los Angeles

XXIX.



THE RT. REV. THOMAS JAMES CONATY

"Except the Lord build a house, their labor is in vain that build it." I was reminded of the psalmist's faith as I looked into the clear strong eye of the Right Reverend Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles the other morning and asked him to tell me of the great schemes that he has planned for the glorification of his church and the uplifting of humanity. Thomas J. Conaty, the stalwart figure crowned by a massive silvery head—the figure in its

ordinary and most modest clerical garb to which we are accustomed on the street—and his lordship of this most important see—most important because today it is the most progressive in the world—the man and the bishop are one. Those kindly and yet firm, strong eyes, that glint from beneath those shaggy, almost monstrous brows, are the same whether their owner be in full canonicals preaching a sermon in his cathedral, or if he be giving us the

glad hand of fellowship on the street corner. It has come to pass that the cynic imagines the successful priest or parson of the day must also be a skilful actor, and our scornful friend opines that absolute sincerity is impossible in the prosperous conduct of a great parish or diocese. But let the cynic chat for half an hour with Bishop Conaty in his library, and his scepticism will be undone. Here is a man of splendid Celtic stock, a scholar and a gentleman, whose wonderful brain and massive energies would have led him to the pinnacle of success in whatever field he chose, but who has forsaken all to follow Christ. Personal fortune, such as that attained by the great captains of modern industry and finance, might easily have been won by such a mind with such a frame as Thomas Conaty. But he chose the church, and to his last living day, he will ever be the Church's humble, most faithful and most efficient servant.

When Bishop Conaty came to Los Angeles nearly three years ago, his advent already had been discounted. Both the clergy and the laity had petitioned Rome that another priest should be elected for this bishopric, but Rome in her wisdom thought otherwise, and paid Los Angeles the compliment of sending to us the rector of the Catholic University in Washington, a position to which he had been appointed by Pope Leo November 20, 1896. His holiness had also conferred on him the title of Domestic Prelate, and five years later, October 5, 1902, nominated him Titular Bishop of Samos.

What really wonderful work Bishop Conaty has accomplished in less than three years is fairly well known to every intelligent resident of this community. If he were to be taken from this sphere today—which God forbid—his name should ever go down through the annals of Los Angeles history. For it is the men that build that win the fame that endures, and Bishop Conaty has already built, and is building, splendid structures, not only for the benefit of the Church, but for the uplifting of the entire community. It would be impossible to enumerate all the good works on which the Bishop's energies are centered, but prominent among them are the House of the Good Shepherd, an institution through which one hundred and forty-two girls have passed in less than two years; the Academy and the College of the Immaculate Heart, the magnificent building near Hollywood which is to cost \$150,000 and will provide high school and collegiate work for at least two hundred girls; the Little Sisters of the Poor's Home for Old People; the Sisters of Mercy's institution at Washington and Concord streets, an \$18,000 building; to say nothing of the splendid cathedral for which plans have already been completed. Each of these institutions has been the concept of the master mind of the builder—the man who has made a life study of the best, and is now seeing to it that only the best ideas are consummated.

The House of the Good Shepherd, out on Pico Heights, is only in its infancy, and other wings will be added as soon as funds are sufficient. This institution is divided into three classes, those of "preservation," "incurables," and "reformation," and has hitherto been supported entirely by voluntary contributions, receiving girls of every faith and denomination. When Bishop Conaty

brought hither the Little Sisters of the Poor, they started modestly in temporary quarters at Twenty-eighth and South Main streets, housing some thirty old people, all over sixty years of age, homeless and destitute. "Here," says the Bishop, "they may spend the evening of their lives like gentle folk." For this grand charity the Bishop's hopes were more than fulfilled by the splendid donation of a complete stranger to himself, but one who had become interested in his work. Mr. E. J. Le Breton donated \$225,000, by which seven acres of land were purchased at First and Mott streets, Boyle Heights, and most commodious quarters, which will accommodate two hundred old people, are now being completed.

"How on earth," I asked the Bishop, "do you manage to get through so much work? And how many hours a day do you toil?"

"About twenty-seven," he replied, with a grim yet gentle smile. "No," he continued, "I enjoy splendid health, I sleep about six hours, and eat well, but not too much, and I do my work by system. There is a plan for every hour in the day. For recreation I allow myself an hour's reading each evening. My only regret is that I have insufficient time for enough exercise."

Bishop Conaty is naturally, and of course, intensely Irish. An ancestor of his was Bishop of Kilmore nearly seven hundred years ago, and curiously enough, he himself was ordained by yet another Conaty, also Bishop of Kilmore. His mother was one of the Galway Lynches, a famous family in Celtic history, and frequently from the days of the "Wild Geese" even to the late Boer war a thorn in Anglo-Saxon flesh. The early record of both sides of the house of Conaty are to be found in the *Chronicon Scotorum*. Bishop Conaty is now in his fifty-ninth year, and more vigorous in both mind and body than most men twenty years his junior. All of his life, with the exception of seven years—during his rectorship of the Catholic University—has been devoted to active parochial work. His early education was received at Taunton, Mass. He then studied in the Montreal College for four years, and two years later, in 1869, graduated from the College of the Holy Cross. Three more years were spent in study and scholarship in the Montreal Theological School, and he was ordained priest December 21, 1872. For seventeen years, from 1880 to 1897, he was pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Worcester, Mass., and during those years his name became identified especially with three branches of work—educational explorations, temperance campaigns, and his interest in Irish societies. He was president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America from 1887 to 1888, and was the organizer of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y., and its president for four years. Among his many accomplishments he is proud of the fact that he has been a newspaper man himself, since for four years he edited the Catholic "School and Home" magazine. He is also the author of a text book for use in colleges and schools, called "Bible Studies."

To watch the Bishop's work must be to admire his matchless organization powers and splendid industry. To know him is to love him. May he long be spared to carry to completion the noble schemes he has conceived!

Los Angeles Women at Home

BY CATHERINE ROBERTSON HAMLIN

XVIII.

Mrs. Pearl Adams Spaulding

Since Mrs. Pearl Adams Spaulding assumed control of the Women's Department of the Merchants' Trust Company, the feminine business of that corporation has nearly doubled. Indeed the gentle sex are learning such thrifty ways along commercial lines that many of them are admirably fitted to offer advice or, at least, to counsel their lords and masters.

With several instances of this kind fresh in my mind, I sought Mrs. Spaulding in her luxurious offices a few days ago to ask for a bit of information regarding her methods of dealing with women.

"I do not 'deal' with them at all," interrupted Mrs. Spaulding taking instant umbrage at my question. "Women come to me as men go to a man they trust. I advise them to the best of my ability and," with a retrospective smile, "I often keep them from making poor investments."

"We are geese about business," I ventured, putting forth a feeler.

"Not at all," was the quick retort. "Women are just as brainy as men but they are in an unexplored country, you must remember. Do you suppose that a man could enter an entirely new field and at once acquit himself with grace and dignity?" Then, after pausing to answer a telephone call and to give varied instructions to a stenographer, she resumed: "Women come here who would go away from a bank entirely if they had to stand in long line. They sit and we discuss matters—"

"I do not blame them for liking to sit in these comfortable quarters," I interrupted, glancing, appreciatively, at the Mission couch, with the great leather cushions, and at the sleepy hollow chairs of the same style.

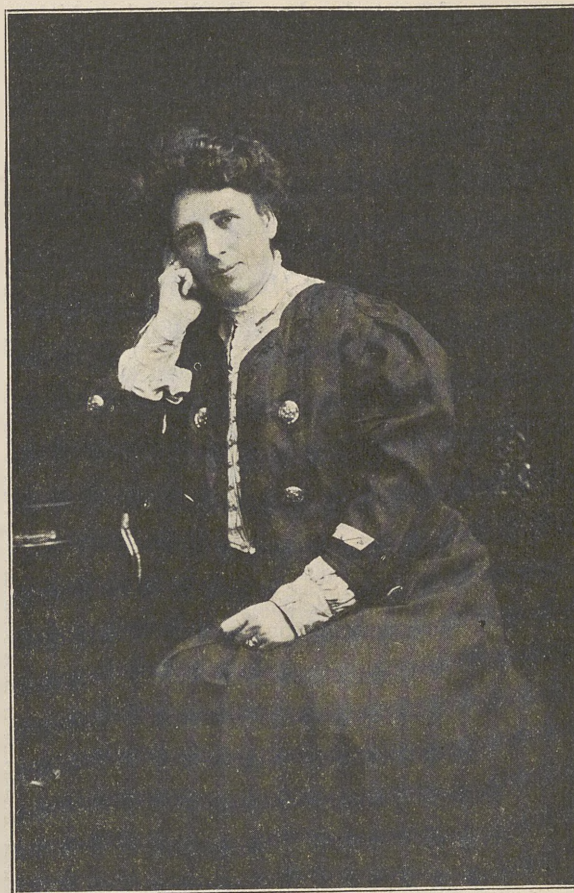
"Yes, it is comfortable," admitted Mrs. Spaulding, smiling in an indulgent way. "There is a desk, stationery, everything to make one feel at ease, but you are losing the heart of it all. Better than all the material part is the certainty that they will be honestly dealt with, instructed and advised to the very best of my ability."

"How long have you been a business woman?" I asked, involuntarily, the question tripping from my tongue as a tribute to the dignified, handsome woman, whose clear eyes meet one frankly and fearlessly, yet with the kindly glance of a noble woman intent on helping her own sex to the knowledge that has been so beneficial to her personally.

"It was born in me," she replied. "My mother, although of a wealthy family, was always interested in business, and," with a grimace, "that was something of a disgrace in her time. From my earliest childhood I planned for a business career."

"And Mr. Spaulding makes no objection?"

"No, said the wife, proudly, "my husband and I believe in perfect personal freedom. No family or individual can be happy otherwise. Our little daughter is being trained along these lines. You must see her," handing me a small portrait of a dark-eyed child, who, if she fulfills the promise



Mrs. Pearl Adams Spaulding

of her youth, will be a most beautiful woman. "We have just moved to the country," continued Mrs. Spaulding. "There we can have plenty of fresh air. I wish you could sit on my porch with me tomorrow afternoon. My newly-acquired little bungalow nestles half way up a green hill in Peaceful Valley—otherwise known as 'Edendale.' On every hand are hills—more hills—all clothed in emerald and dotted with bungalows, and to the north of the valley rise the majestic mountains clothed in the purple lights I love so well. So you may think of me as sitting there in the early mornings and on Sundays, gazing toward the hills 'whence cometh my help.'"

"How much time have you for society, Mr. Spaulding?" I asked.

"None."

"But you must have relaxation of some kind?"

"Yes, perhaps. I used to lead a women's orchestra which I organized in my old girlhood home in the East. I find the most pleasure now in music, and I have one of the finest mandolins in the world," taking the instrument tenderly from the desk where it lay and showing me the exquisite shape and coloring. "It was made by Benachi Bros., of Naples, and was a present to me. I can assure you that I prize it very highly. We are all musical—Mr. Spaulding, the daughter and I, and

we play and sing together. That is enjoyment sufficient for us."

With a sigh for the pictured pleasures of pastoral life, I turned back to the daily office routine, saying: "Do you need to study along the lines in which you are interested?"

"I have to keep in touch with the commercial world; I have to know what bonds are worth, and something also of real estate, with all its many sides."

"You are one of the active agents in the Los Angeles Women's Business Leagues," I affirmed. "Is it of benefit to you?"

"I have resigned from the treasurership of that organization," contradicted Mrs. Spaulding, "and am no longer connected with the league."

"Resigned?" I echoed. "I thought that you were one of the bright and shining lights."

"I had to sever my connection with the affair—want of time," was the brief explanation.

"But you believe in it?" I insisted.

Mrs. Spaulding laughed, amiably, as she remarked succinctly:

"Sooner or later there is bound to be a fine organization of the business women of Southern California, but I doubt if the present is an opportune time to start such organization. As a matter of fact, I don't see why Southern California should be auxiliary to anything or anybody! We are sort of sufficient unto ourselves out here, you know."

"That is very clear," I admitted, "but could you not go into particulars a bit more?"

"Come and see me about it when the new organization is well under way," laughed Mrs. Spaulding, as I reluctantly arose, feeling that there might be still a "story" that I had not fathomed.

Saints and Snakes

BY JOSEPH SCOTT

Tradition informs us that when St. Patrick preached the Gospel of Christianity in Ireland, simultaneously he drove the snakes out of the Emerald Isle forever. At any rate, the investigator will look in vain today for any such reptile within the four shores of Erin. Whether the term "Snake" was merely used in a figurative sense like the serpent in the Garden of Eden, to indicate his Satanic Majesty, is possibly open to question. This quaint story, however, typifies the aggressive virility of the faith of the Celt, for from the time of St. Patrick down through the centuries, the saints and scholars of Ireland not only drove the irreligious and barbaric snakes out of their own country, but likewise pursued their mission throughout the confines of Europe, so that the fame of Columbkille and Iona, of Boniface, the apostle of Germany, and other learned and holy Irishmen is luminous on the pages of history today in spite of penal laws which destroyed priceless tomes of literature in an attempt to obscure the records of those ages. The battle that the saints of Ireland fought with the snakes of ignorance and barbarism was prolonged until the light of education and civilization had suffused the whole of Western Europe.

But the reward for all this energy and devotion to

such a noble cause, has been sinister indeed; and the savage attempts that were made to crush the instinct for learning out of the Celtic people have been almost diabolical. In fact, the snakes were almost coming back to Ireland.

But the new movement inaugurated by the distinguished scholar and poet, who has honored the Angel City within the past few days by his presence, bids fair to drive the snakes back again into the bottomless pit, whence they never should have emerged.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's message of peace and fraternity, of scholarship and race pride, has infused not merely those of Celtic blood, but likewise those whose forbears were instrumental in stifling the educational breath of the Celt. "Let the dead bury their dead" is a good motto for us to bear in mind today here in this country, where all the nations of the earth may mingle to combine what is best in their respective races and to eliminate all that is inferior to our common national life. Let us, therefore, uplift the saint and crush the snake, as did the brave Celt of old. This is a message that comes home to the Irishmen on the 17th of March, but it is also a lesson that should not be lost on any of us throughout the year. Let it be not only "God save Ireland," but "God bless America."

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray 'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

—THOMAS MOORE.

The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells,
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

—THOMAS MOORE.

The Passing of a Noble Woman

Mrs. C. M. Severance Mrs. Rebecca B. Spring Miss Susan B. Anthony

"She was wonderfully brave and persistent, and was one of the heroines of our time." This is the simple but most expressive tribute paid by one noble and aged woman to another who has just passed over the border. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance had known, and been intimate with, Miss Susan B. Anthony for more than half a century. Tributes of all sorts and from all parts of the globe will be laid at Miss Anthony's bier, but I doubt if any one will find a fitter epitaph than this sentence from one friend and colleague to another. Miss Anthony was Mrs. Severance's guest here in Los Angeles last summer, and it was during this visit that the most interesting photograph, reproduced on this page, was taken. At the time the picture was taken the combined age of these three grand women was two hundred and sixty-seven years, illustrating a record of splendid womanly achievement.

Mrs. Severance first met Miss Anthony in Syracuse at the Woman's Suffrage convention over fifty years ago and has been constantly associated with her in progressive woman's work ever since. All sorts of persecution and unmanly insolence Miss Anthony survived, being spared to see at least some of the fruits of her life's work harvested.

Woes of a Press Agent

BY RANDOLPH BARTLETT

Some day as you are going along the street you may notice snooping quietly along the very edge of the sidewalk a young man, evidently fairly prosperous, but manifestly dejected and forsaken. He will be edging his way gingerly along the curb, dodging even the pariah dogs and the peanut vendors, trying to occupy as little space as does the mental machinery of a leading man, and attract as little attention as the first violin in a brass band.

And then perhaps by some conglomeration of circumstances two brisk, natty young men will approach, cast a sidelong glance at the timorous one,

heave a deep sigh of pity like a Long Beach car blowing its air brakes, and pass by on the other side, saying:

"We know him not; he is not one of us."

Or maybe, if in their breasts there still exists, notwithstanding their exalted positions, some little spark of kindly sympathy, one may whisper to the other: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, Horatio."

Then you will know that Otheman Stevens, or Frederic (nix the k) Pabst, or some of the others of "the bunch" have taken cognizance of Randolph

Bartlett—how he has fallen; for once he was almost a newspaper man, and might have risen to their proud estate, but now he is Press Agent for the Orpheum.

Alas and alack!

If you are sufficiently interested in the fate of this erring human being (or rather this Press Agent, who once had in him the embryonic possibilities of a human being), to follow him for a few moments, you will find that he will finally arrive, after much hesitation and many turnings back, at the desk of the City Editor of the Examiner. But not too near the throne, lest his boldness be rebuked, and the head office boy deputize one of his underlings to eject the forward wretch.

After many hours the City Editor will notice very casually that the Press Agent is near. He will then lift his left eyebrow one-seventeenth of an inch, thereby summoning the third assistant office boy, and will say:

"Who is this fellow who lingers within me domain?"

And the third assistant office boy will go and inquire of the janitor, and the janitor will ask the policeman on the beat, and the policeman on the beat will telephone to headquarters, and finally the information will be transmitted to the City Editor by the reverse order of officials that this is Randolph Bartlett, Press Agent of the Orpheum, and while there is no definite charge lodged against him, he would better be watched and guarded closely.

Then will the City Editor take his life in one hand and a .44 revolver in the other and say unto the Press Agent, in thunder tones,

"Approach and be searched."

Then, after three reporters have gone through his clothing to see that he does not carry any theater passes or other deadly weapons, the Press Agent will kneel on the first step of the dais, kiss the second, and prostrate himself, face to the floor, beside the Great Throne itself.

When the City Editor steps on his left ear three times (the Press Agent's ear, not his own), it will be a sign to rise. He will do so slowly, and with eyes downcast. Not yet has he dared to look directly at the City Editor for fear of dreadful punishment, and swift.

At length after much ceremony the Press Agent is allowed to speak, if indeed his tongue has not by this long period of silence lost its power. Deprecatingly and in trembling tones he outlines the cause of his visit.

"Mr. Clarence Drown told me to tell you," he commences, for he dare not take the responsibility himself, "that Tootsie Dimples, a dancer who is at the Orpheum, has just busted the head of the property man because he told the electrician that one of her dimples was bored in with a gimlet, and Mr. Drown wants to know, please, if you want a story about it, sir."

"H-m-m-m-m-m, er-r-r-r-r-r? Got a picture?"

The Press Agent swiftly reaches into the bosom of his coat and produces a photograph of Tootsie.

"Grmph, umptchf, fchvzl! She ain't much to look at."

This does not seem to call for any comment on the part of the Press Agent.

"Can't use it," says the City Editor, finally, and the Press Agent turns away with a sinking heart.

He dares not go back and face the manager to admit that the story has been turned down; he dares not turn homeward and look his large and confiding family in the face with this sorrow gripping at his vitals; so he seeks relief as he has sought it too often, fountains, imbibing recklessly of orange phosphate and ginger ale until he doesn't give a hang what happens to him.

Such is the life of the Press Agent.

Perhaps your picture was different; mine was before I became one. I pictured a Press Agent as a lordly being, with the newspaper world at his feet, an individual with infinite patronage and inexhaustible supplies of cigars, one who spoke with authority and not as other scribes.

I became Press Agent of the Orpheum first in a spirit of revenge, and that is probably why I have been so severely punished. But I had for so long been subject to the caprices of City Editors that I wanted to be in a position to go to them condescendingly, and, leaning lightly and carelessly on the desks, which had hitherto typified all the world contained of authority, say:

"Here, fellow, is a story. It is not a very good story, but it will advertise the Orpheum, so put it in the paper, and some day I will give you a pass to a matinee."

And I, in my simple innocence, fancied that even as I said, so would it be done. But so it was not. I only tried that method once, and the result discouraged any further experiments.

It is not so very strange that you and I should have entertained this picture of a Press Agent, for, after all, so many wonderful things are credited to this individual that it would almost seem that he must have great power and influence to accomplish them. And at the same time they will tell you that you can never believe what a Press Agent says.

Now, "Truth is mighty and must prevail," and if a Press Agent can always lie and yet accomplish the things he does in the way of manufacturing theatrical stars and advertising his employers' business, he must have found a secret more eternal than eternity. It looks logical, but there must be a leak somewhere in the argument.

The leak must be in the statement that the Press Agent never tells the truth. I guess I ought to know, for this picture I have tried to draw of a real Press Agent is the first untrue thing I have written since I became a Press Agent.

Mary Austin, the Owens River authoress, who achieved a great piece of work in her "The Land of Little Rain," is to write an Indian play in collaboration with Elmer Harris, the playwright, who, since his return from abroad, has been lecturing on the drama in Berkeley and elsewhere. Mrs. Austin, says the Argonaut, is supplying the material from her wide experience among the Indians, whom she knows and understands thoroughly, and Mr. Harris, who, by the way, is just giving the finishing touches to a play of his own, will mold the plot into dramatic form. The play will deal with the Campoodie life of the Piutes in Inyo, which is curiously analogous to present conditions in our own civilization in regard, particularly, to the laws of marriage. Mrs. Austin's new novel, "The Flock," is in the publishers' hands.

The Blonde and the Brunette

BY MERCUTIO

After much careful and diversified study along certain lines for half a century I am constrained to believe and affirm that as between the perfect American blonde and the perfect American brunette the former is much more beautiful and attractive, although a statuesque brunette of perfection of form and feature is accounted by man as one of the most showy and magnificent of all living things. Up to a quarter of a century ago the proportion of blondes and other "light" people to brunettes and other "dark" people throughout the United States, except in Maryland, Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California, were as five to three. This could be partly accounted for from the fact that the early amalgamation of foreign blood with our English-American was of light Irish and light German stock, which has lately been lessened by the introduction of much more dark than light immigration, conspicuously from Italy, Austria, Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, France, Mexico, Greece and Spain, and the greater willingness of these latter than the former to "multiply and replenish the earth". So that, in another quarter of a century, the "darks" will have caught up and passed the "lights," and especially as five-sixths of our Jews are dark; and, as is well known, are generous breeders.

One reason why the average blonde is finer looking than the average brunette is because she has whiter skin, whiter teeth and whiter hands than the brunette, which put her far in advance of her darker sister in real prettiness and real or seeming cleanliness. On the other hand, the eyes and lashes of the brunette are more attractive than those of the blonde, but not the eyebrows, which are generally too heavy or too bushy, and too irregularly near each other. The teeth of the brunette are longer and thus homelier than those of the blonde, and her ears and feet and hands are larger. The lips, cheeks and nails are redder and more attractive in the blonde than in the brunette; while as regards hair and neck and shoulder blades neither has the better of the other. Nearly the same may be said of forehead and space between the eyes, except that the brunette is slightly in second place. The coming of the unspeakable mustache to the lip of the brunette seldom intrudes upon that of the blonde, while the embonpoint that frequently overtakes both is lesser and less vexatious with the latter than with the former. In fine, the commanding blonde is srenner, of better temper and of sweeter expression than the commanding brunette, although she worries much more over little things than the latter.

The sweetly-faced woman—at the opera, say, or on any swell occasion—with pretty eyes and eyebrows; cherry lips and rosy cheeks; peach-and-cream complexion and immaculate teeth; medium little ears, with tint of sea-shell; and with a moderately long white neck without mole or other blemish, and of commanding stature, and she is full blonde, or nearly so, and the incarnation of perfect female beauty;—and in the majority. If she have magnificent hair, brilliant eyes, sweeping lashes, handsome bust, glorious shoulder-blades, and superb haughtiness of manner, she is a brunette; and with so fetching a way as to bewilder you momentarily regarding your first choice of the sweetly-faced one

with the pretty eyes, the lovely lips, the rosy cheeks and perfect complexion, and other attributes of supreme loveliness and charm. And between! The mezzo; the "brown"; an human arabesque; with golden hair of silken softness and luxuriance; great brown orbs and sweeping lashes and incomparable brows that were never vexed by pencil or dye to match; dimpled cheeks of a rich russet tone, and cherry lips that curve like a Cupid's bow. The beauty of Hebe, the goddess of youth, could not have been more extraordinary.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" declared that the eye of the true blonde is clearer and more brilliant than that of the brunette—thus:

"There are two kinds of poets, just as there are two kinds of blondes. Why, there are blondes who are such simply by deficiency of coloring matter,—negative or washed blondes, arrested by Nature on the way to become albinesses. There are others that are shot through with golden light, with tawny or fulvous tinges in various degree,—positive or stained blondes, dipped in yellow sunbeams, and as unlike in their mode of being to the others as an orange is unlike a snowball. The albino-style carries with it a wide pupil and a sensitive retina. The other, or the leonine blonde, has an opaline fire in her clear eye, which the brunette can hardly match with her quick, glittering glances."

So far as can be guessed the average proportions of the statuesque brunette is not quite equal to those of her imposing sister. The height of a perfect brunette is exactly equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of either hand, when the arms are fully extended: ten times the length of her hand, or seven and one-half times the length of her foot, or five times the diameter of the chest, from one armpit to the other, should correspond with the height of the whole body; the distance from the junction of the thighs to the ground should be exactly the same as from that point to the crown of the head, and the knee should be exactly midway between the first-named point and the ground at the heel; the distance from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle line of the breast; from the top of the head to the level of the chin should be the same as from the level of the chin to that of the armpits, and from the heel to the toe. It is a noteworthy fact that the hand and foot of the brunette is larger than those of the blonde—that the one requires larger gloves, much larger shoes, and somewhat more capacious hosiery than the other. It is also noteworthy that the blonde requires larger shoes and gloves than she did thirty years ago.

I have said that the blonde worries more than the brunette—I should have said that she worries more grievously; for so far as asylum statistics go the totals in sixty-eight asylums in Canada and the United States show that the percentage of those regarded as hopelessly insane are 81 blondes to 53 of brunettes. But the figures from these sixty-eight asylums also show that out of 16,512 patients 703 have light hair and only 66 red or auburn locks—in other words, 96 per cent. of the female inmates are brunettes, with black or brown hair, the latter in varying shades, while only 2 per cent. have blue

eyes. In one New England asylum there is not a single inmate who is not a brunette. The penitentiaries of the United States show that brunettes and others with dark hair or dark eyes, or both, rate 78 per cent., not including negroes. To some extent this is accounted for by the great number of dark foreigners imprisoned—especially in New York, Illinois, Missouri, Louisiana and California—for all kinds of atrocious crimes. The brunette drinks to excess much more than the blonde, as drunken women before police judges average about seven of the former to three of the latter.

While husbands, as a general thing, are more brutal than wives, and much more promiscuous in their disregard for the eighth commandment, more small internecine disturbances have resulted from what is termed "nagging", by men's so-called better halves, than by all the other engenderments of serious conjugal infelicities. And this is where the brunette can give the blonde many points and win out always in this married woman's only exclusive game. The blonde is a more constant nagger of children, perhaps, than the brunette; but when it comes to the "old man" the latter absorbs nearly all the gâteau in the boulangerie. This is where raven hair, flashing black eyes, high temper and nervous-muscular temperament can administer to the one with flaxen-hair, blue eyes, sweet-disposition and sanguine-lymphatic temperament, a solar plexus appulse that agitates the éponge.

And while men, especially of the Latin race, are

more cowardly amid impending dangers at sea and howl louder over extreme bodily pains than women, so the brunette may be placed in the same category alongside the blonde.

Pursuing this subject farther, the brunette is more rapid at love-making than the blonde and less sympathetic and tender; she also displays more celerity in marrying, and also of unmarried—for she is more frequently the heroine in a divorce court; but she is more responsive to the tocsin of love than her more ethereal sister, and less inclined to "race suicide". The brunette is quicker-tempered and more quarrelsome than the blonde, more jealous of her husband, more hateful and more vindictive, with or without cause; the blonde, in contradistinction, sometimes ekes out a miserable life, rather than confess or even rebuke publicly the husband whose brutalities should have sent him to the whipping post or to some such place as our own orthodox hell.

There might be still greater scope given this most agreeable topic. But the writer recalls that most felicitous declaration of the urbane Kentuckian, who said that "all whiskey is good, but some kinds are better than others"; and cheerfully admits, along the same generous course of reasoning, that all women of standard acceptableness are precious, beautiful and lovely; but that some are more lovely, more beautiful and more precious than others. And asks:

"Are they not more frequently the blondes?"

Eighteen-Footers in Favor



Yacht Broncho

The eighteen-footer is becoming a general favorite among the yachtsmen and those who intend to take up the sport. There is much to be said in favor of this class of boat. Many people who enjoy yachting cannot spare the time for cruising. They can only get away for a day at a time and want a handy boat that they can manage themselves without being dependent on a large crew. A boat of the type of the "Broncho" depicted above is well suited to afternoon sailing and the cost is not so great to prevent many from enjoying the sport of yachting. The Broncho was designed by Mr. Frank N. Tandy, a marine agent and navy architect, now located in Los Angeles. The boat was built while Mr. Tandy was associated in business with the celebrated yacht designer, Crowninshield, in Boston. The dimensions of the Broncho are as follows: Length over all on deck, 28 feet 1 inch; length on water line, 18 feet; forward overhang, 4 feet 10 inches; after overhang, 5 feet 3 inches; beam extreme at deck, 7 feet 7 inches; beam at water line, 7 feet 1 inch, and draft of feet. Draft of rabbet, 14½ inches, amidships. The boat has a small centerboard but this does not come into the cockpit at all but is just forward and under the deck. The ballast is all outside on the keel and consists of 1650 pounds lead. For ordinary sailing the centerboard is not used at all. The cockpit is 7 feet long and 5 feet wide. It was made entirely watertight so that no water could get into the inside and hull, and being above the water line the scuppers carried

of the spray or rain water. The displacement of the hull is about 4600 pounds, and the sail area was about 450 square feet. Designer Tandy sailed the boat himself the whole season of 1900, but did not race her more than three times. Each time the boat captured first prize. The present owner now has a small house which gives good room below for two people to cruise with comfort. This type of boat costs from five to eight hundred dollars, according to the construction and finish. The Broncho would make an excellent boat for this coast. The plans call for a strong hull and thorough workmanship. The seaworthiness of this boat has been thoroughly proved both by Mr. Tandy and the present owner. When the boat was sold two boys sailed this boat for over one hundred and fifty miles in the open ocean. Off Cape Cod they encountered some rough weather and as there was no harbor that they could put into they were obliged to close reef and keep on going for about thirty miles. Designer Tandy proposes to build another boat for himself similar to the mustang, another knockabout which he designed and built the year following the Broncho.

I understand that Abbot Kinney, Rice Bros. and other yachting enthusiasts are looking over this type of boat closely, with the intention of building.

At the closing sale of the Henry G. Denny library in New York the set of the first four folios of Shakespeare were captured by Frederick W. Morris, of New York, for \$8,950. The folios were printed in London between 1623 and 1685. They are bound in crimson crushed morocco with gilt backs. With the exception of a few leaves remargined and a couple of covers being pieced, the set is perfect. They were printed by Isaac Jaggard, Thomas Cotes, and Edward Blount.

E. Gerson, the Broadway jeweler, has just received a large consignment of machinery, which he is installing in his manufacturing department. Mr. Gerson makes a specialty of manufacturing, and offers the latest novelties. He will furnish special designs whenever desired.

Mr. H. J. Woollacott's determination to retire from all business and devote much of his time to recreation and travel came nearer consummation this week, when he sold his wholesale liquor business on North Spring street. Mr. Woollacott is now out of banking as well as business. The purchasers of the Spring street store are J. Frank Moroney of San Francisco, the president of the Jesse Moore-Hunt Co.; H. L. Bostwick of San Francisco, brother-in-law to Mr. Moroney; James Murray, formerly of San Bernardino; E. L. Robinson, who has been with Mr. Woollacott for some years; and Michael J. Rush, the Southern California representative of the Jesse Moore-Hunt Co. The company will be known as the Hermes Wine and Liquor Co., and will make a specialty of the highest class of family trade, as well as conducting a wholesale business. The company has ample capital, the authorized issue of stock being \$100,000, of which \$75,000 is paid in. Mr. Moroney is head of one of the largest houses west of Chicago, and improvements in the present quarters and enlargements into the next building to the north of the present quarters are in contemplation.

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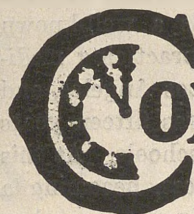
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Mr. Conradi, the head of the company, has recovered from his long and severe illness, and is now giving his entire attention to business

SEE

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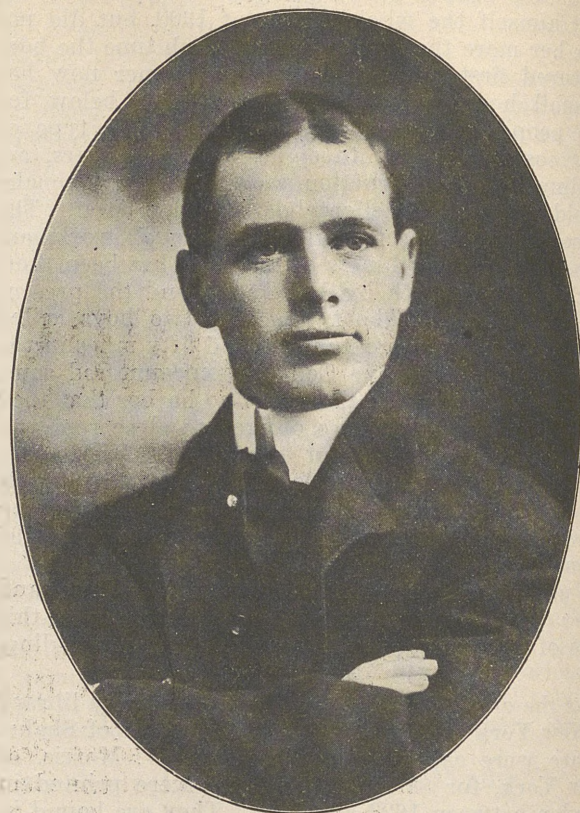
The Era of Youth

That the twentieth century has started as distinctively an era of youthful energy and achievement is recognized by all observers. In these days when men live at the end of telephone and telegraph wires, the specialists tell us that the nervous system cannot be expected to endure as long as in the days of our forefathers with iron digestions. Keen thought and rapid movement are essential for success in the pressful competition of today and, despite all facetious criticism, the Oslerian theory lacks neither reason nor evidence. Hence it is that we see young men forging their way to the very front ranks of the professions and business, reaching their goal sometimes before thirty years of age, and sometimes already exhausted.

Among the young men of Los Angeles, by no means exhausted, who have already sprung well up the ladder of success before their thirtieth birthday is Mr. Glover P. Widney, whose handsome image is presented above. His friend and photographer, Mr. Geo. Steckel, has put a little more hair on the top of his head than I notice now belongs to the owner since he abandoned selling pianos for the real estate business. "But," Mr. Widney tells me, "I did not wear it off butting into other people's business."

For ten years Glover Widney's name has been prominently identified with the piano trade of Southern California. Only a few months ago when a sweet wife and boon fortune blessed by presenting to him a son and heir, he determined to engage his energies in the more ambitious field of real estate, and he has now joined the distinguished firm of Robert A. Rowan & Co.

Mr. Widney was born in St. Louis, October 31, 1877. He springs from fine old Kentucky stock, and his grandfather, though ninety-three years of age, is still practicing law in Ashland. When only two weeks old, the baby Glover was returned to Kentucky, where his father, afterwards a well-known resident of Los Angeles, was then practicing medicine. In 1884 his parents came to Los Angeles, and for the next eight years, until he was fifteen years of age, Glover attended the public schools. At this youthful term, he started in business, becoming a clerk in a grocery store, and within a year, when only sixteen years of age, had a grocery store of his own in Garvanza. In 1893 he sold out his groceries, and for the next three years was associated with George Exton, the piano and music dealer. On



Glover P. Widney

January 1, 1896, he was first employed by the Southern California Music Co., in whose service he remained for ten years. He entered this prominent house as manager of the small goods department, at \$10 a week. Two years later he was made assistant manager, and in 1902 succeeded Mr. B. F. Day as treasurer. Mr. Widney soon displayed unusual qualities as a successful salesman, his first notable negotiation being the sale of a \$4000 piano to Mrs. Oliver P. Posey. For the last four years, I am told, he was instrumental in selling no less than \$75,000 worth of pianos a year and enjoyed an income of about \$6000 a year. Mr. Widney's remarkable success can only be attributed, first, to incessant application to the task before him, and then to the rare endowment of winning manner and graceful sense.

In July, 1904, Mr. Widney was married to Bessie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cutler of the Hotel Leighton, and Glover P., jr., born about six months ago, and according to proud paternal account a phenomenal infant, provides yet another incentive for Mr. Widney's ambitions. For two years before Mr. Widney severed his connection with the piano business, he made a special study of real estate, particularly of business property, and Mr. Robert A. Rowan, in associating with his firm a man of such unusual attainments, has certainly shown yet another proof of his keen sagacity. To my mind, it is the example of such young men as Mr. Widney and Mr. Rowan that should supply the keenest inspiration for the coming race.

FINE CRUISING YACHT FOR SALE

Owner being unable to use his yacht this summer offers it for sale at low figure to quick purchaser. Good cabin accommodations, fast, seaworthy, comfortable and well fitted. Address,
FRANK N. TANDY, Thorp Bldg. North Broadway

INVESTORS, ATTENTION!

We are organizing a syndicate to purchase and subdivide one hundred acres at PESCADERO BEACH, about half way between San Francisco and Santa Cruz.

The land includes 2000 feet of splendid ocean frontage, and also the only safe and convenient salt water bathing place between the two cities named, which is in itself an asset of great value.

The new Ocean Shore Electric Railway running between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, which will be completed next September, will connect with Pescadero Beach, and also the projected Pescadero Valley line, a branch of the Ocean Shore road.

Only forty minutes from San Francisco, and easily accessible to more than 600,000 people whose seaside resort facilities are now very limited. No beach has brighter prospects, or more alluring certainties.

Within five minutes' walk is Pebbly Beach, where moonstones and other semi-precious stones are found in great quantities.

Good trout fishing may be had within easy walking distance, and the salt water fishing is excellent. Wild fruits, berries and flowers abound.

This is without question the best beach property between San Francisco and Santa Cruz. Our syndicate should clear at least

Three Hundred Per Cent. Profit

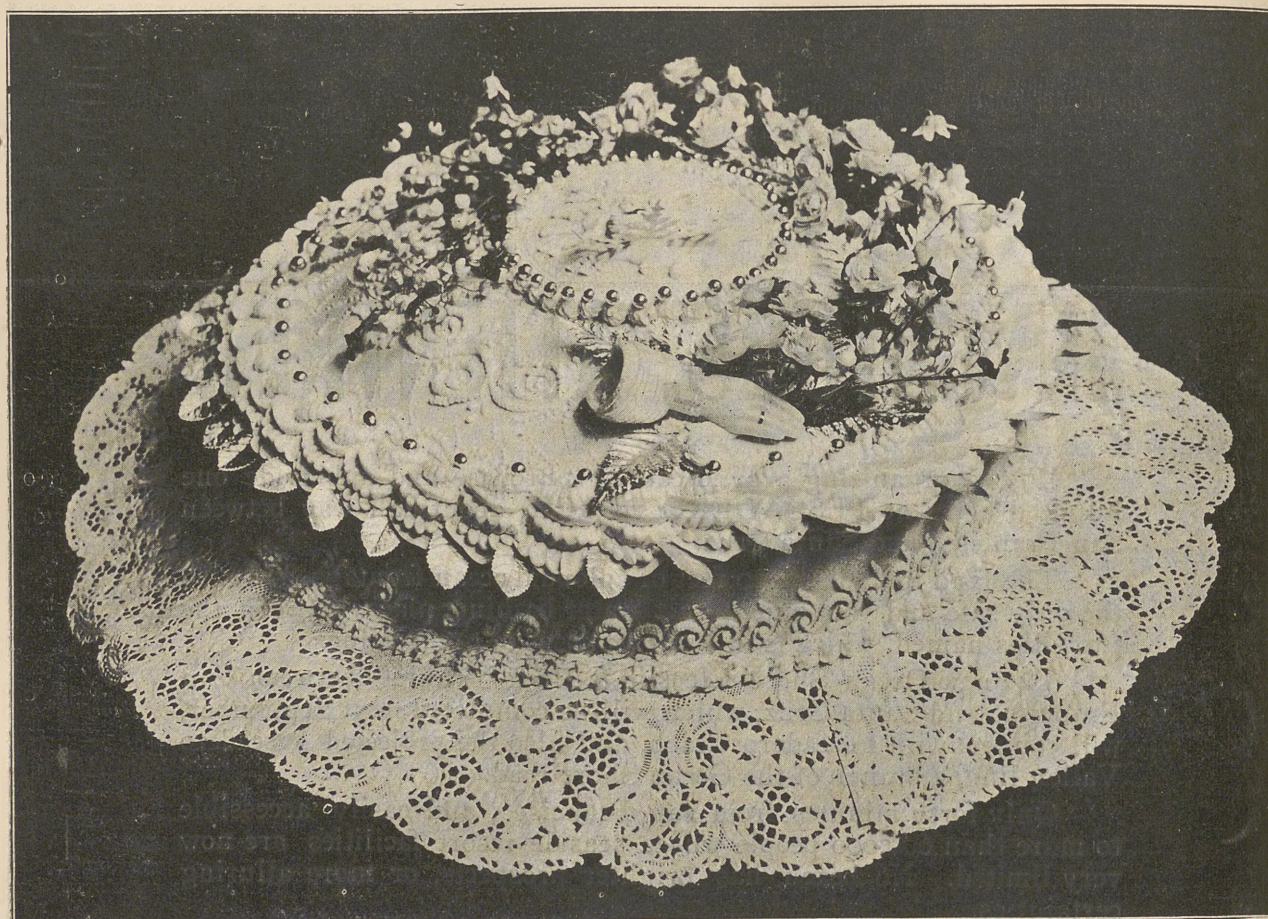
Investors with \$1000 or more to place are invited to join this syndicate. Call early, as the property is exceptional. Full information at our office.

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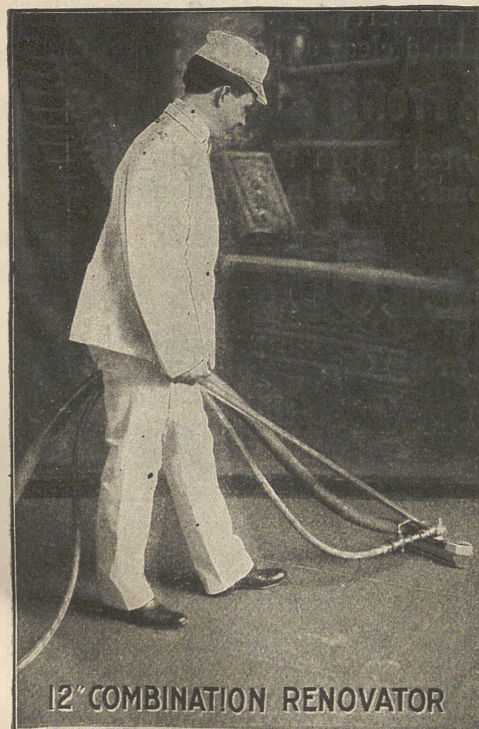
310 Trust Bldg., Second and Spring Sts.

MAIN
6278

Bride's Cake at Busch-Scharrer Wedding

Never before in Los Angeles has a caterer so surpassed himself as did Mr. L. J. Christopher at the recent Busch-Scharrer wedding breakfast in Pasadena. Mr. Christopher's success was appreci-

ated by Mr. Adolphus Busch, for after the wedding was over and the reception done, Mr. and Mrs. Busch declared that never in all their lives had they seen catering in such perfection. Mr. Chris-



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topher was recommended to Mr. Busch by Colonel Wentworth of Pasadena. Mr. Busch gave carte-blanche for everything. The reception at the Busch home, 1021 Orange Grove avenue, was brilliant, but the menu was one of the finest which has ever been prepared for a similar occasion in Southern California. The decorations of the dining room, the reception parlors, and the grand staircase were unique. Easter lilies and lilies of the valley predominated in the scheme of decoration, as these were the favorite flowers of the bride. The Graphic this week gives an engraving showing the bride's cake, to which was given the best endeavors of Mr. Christopher's employes.

Unfortunately it has been the practice of several people in this city to give the impression that better catering could be secured in San Francisco than here. We now have Mr. Busch's word for it, that better catering could not be obtained in Chicago, or New York, or anywhere. Mr. Christopher is naturally proud of such an indorsement as the confidence which Mr. Busch expressed, and is proud that he did his part toward making successful one of the prominent functions of the year.

Whirl of the Week

Foreign.

The latest line of usefulness introduced by the Salvation Army, as reported from London, is a matrimonial supply bureau. A plan has been adopted by the army officials for shipping to Canada as many marriageable young English women as the Canadian demand can assimilate. In western British Columbia there are thousands of farmers eager for matrimony, it is said, but there is a famine in available wife stock. England has a vast surplus of such commodity.

Japanese savants are advocating radical changes in the national diet, based on the belief that the stature of the people may thereby be gradually raised to the normal. Small as they are, the Japs must have looked like giants to the Russians during the recent doings in Manchuria.

The French criminal court of appeals has decided that an automobile which emits bad smells is a public nuisance, subjecting the operator to a fine for the first offense and to imprisonment for a repetition.

Withdrawal of the Japanese army from Manchuria will be completed before the end of March. The Chinese government then will resume civil control and the whole country will be opened to the commerce of the world. Our Pacific coast states are in comparatively close touch with Manchuria and should "get in early to avoid the rush."

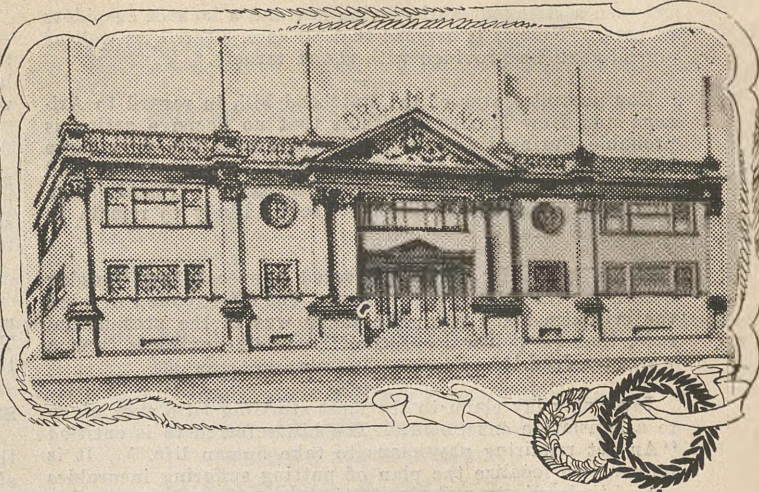
London reports the discovery that the telephone is responsible for a gradual spoiling of the human voice. But that is not so shocking as the admitted fact that the 'phone is accountable for leading people into habits of blasphemy.

The chief health officer of Birmingham, Eng., delivered a lecture a few days ago, in which he stated that "in the mere act of speaking a person could project germs thirty or forty feet." An expansive field thus opens for short distance wireless telegraphy.

Leading London physicians, as reported, are advocating the use of handkerchiefs made of paper, Japanese fashion. This because "a linen handkerchief carried in the pocket becomes a disseminator of germs." The Japanese plan is to burn the paper handkerchief after use. Imagine the English fashion of using a paper handkerchief in the street and then stepping to the curb and touching it off with a match!

National.

Tobacco munchers on railways in Ohio have been hedged



Dreamland Roller Skating Rink

12th and Main Streets

Will Open on

Tuesday Evening, March 20, 1906

Harley Davidson, champion Roller Skater of the world engaged at an enormous salary for opening night and week following.

No expense has been spared to make this rink the most modern and scientifically constructed in the West. The surface floor is of clear white maple, specially prepared for roller skating, the floor resting upon layers of felt with pine floor and concrete foundation underneath.

The skating equipment is the best that money can buy, being the celebrated steel roller skate that runs with so little friction that the skaters are not fatigued by their use.

The celebrated Catalina Island Band will furnish music afternoon and evening.

Ice cream and soda water served from our elegant fountain installed at great expense, with a choice line of confectionery.

Reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and free check room for the safe keeping of wearing apparel in charge of courteous attendants. Our ladies' maid for assistance to our lady patrons always present, while on the skating floor are experienced uniformed attendants ready to assist the inexperienced and to preserve strict order and decorum. Skate boys present to assist in putting on skates and answer calls of patrons.

ADMISSIONS:

| | | |
|----------------------|-------|----------|
| Morning Admission, | - - - | 10 Cents |
| Skates | - - - | 15 " |
| Afternoon Admission, | - - - | 20 " |
| Skates | - - - | 20 " |
| Evening Admission, | - - - | 25 " |
| Skates | - - - | 25 " |

\$6.00 Commutation Family Ticket, \$5.00.
Admission or Skates.

between a stringent anti-spitting law and a lack of cuspidors in cars. Now it is decreed that all cars, electric as well as steam, shall be provided with squirt targets.

The present status of the statehood bill, in regard to Arizona and New Mexico, indicates that no decisive action is probable during this session of congress. The very large majority in the house favoring jointure is not likely to yield to the turn-down of that plan by the senate. The situation in the two territories, therefore, seems likely to remain in statu quo ante.

Judge Alton B. Parker delivered a speech last Tuesday before the Mississippi legislature. The effort called to mind the criticism made when the judge was in the presidential race, that his political speeches "read like extracts from a warranty deed."

Iowa may lay claim to the most startling title ever given to a legislative enactment. The bill referred to is entitled "An act requiring physicians to take human life." It is intended to legalize the plan of putting suffering incurables out of their misery and also to "prevent the rearing of children who are hideously deformed or hopelessly idiotic."

Chicago reports that the non-effectiveness of police service in the protection of women in that city has led to the practice of women "carrying short-barreled revolvers of the 'bulldog' variety in their muffs." That idea is not adaptable to muffle Los Angeles, although the ever serviceable stocking might answer as a substitute.

A Democratic organization in Chicago known as the Majority Rule league, has decided the question whether it shall support Bryan or Hearst for the presidential nomination. Bryan proved to be the choice. The method of choosing is not stated, but presumably it was by a "toss up."

John D. Rockefeller has promised "unlimited financial backing for a feasible plan of betterment for poor children in all American cities." The distinguished billionaire seems to think it easier to "train" up a child in the (Rockefeller) way it should go than to break it in after the age of maturity.

The latest novelty in trade unionism is a cemetery project—Chicago, of course—for the exclusive use of union men and their families. Occupants of the proposed graveyard will at last be safe from onerous assessments and the arrogance of walking delegates.

A committee has reported favorably in the house of representatives on a bill providing for extending the terms of members of the house to four years. There are many constituencies that would be glad at the present time if the term were only one year.

Reno reports that a grave-digger in a local cemetery "has uncovered a four-foot vein that assays \$100 a ton in gold." That cemetery is an appropriate starting point for mounting the "golden stairs."

State.

Gruesome but amusing is that report of a homicide near the border line of Monterey and Santa Cruz counties. The officials of neither county would shoulder the risk of a costly murder trial. Finally the coroner of Monterey county put the remains of the victim in a box and carted the load to a point in Santa Cruz county. Then the coroner of the latter county held an inquest, returning this victory: "The jury finds that the deceased met his death by an accident."

The orange growers of Southern California are supposed to have been converted to the Osler theory, at least so far as to favor its application to the venerable members of the United States supreme court who decided the routing question adversely to the interests of the orange men.

In the early part of this week articles of incorporation were filed in Sacramento for a new railway "to be run through the counties of Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego, by steam, electricity or gasoline." It is understood that a railway is thus foreshadowed to compete with the San Diego extension of the Santa Fé line, to be operated either by the trolley electric system or the independent gasoline motor.

San Jose makes this contribution to the week's news: "The Rev. A. W. Bloom was sentenced today to serve eigh-

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Your inspection is respectfully invited.

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ROOMS 3-12 SCHUMACHER BLOCK

teen months at San Quentin for stealing the horse and buggy of Constable McComb."

If the plan to introduce baths in the local schools involves mandatory bathing, an alarming increase in truancy may be expected.

Redlands is in the throes of a hot municipal campaign, the chief issue being the question of allowing hotels to serve vinous and malt drinks with meals. On one side are arrayed the straight-laced prohibitionists, ministers and devout church people, the latter mostly women. On the other side are the business men and all other progressive citizens who dislike to have tourists and other strangers, shy at what they call a "jay town."

San Francisco really seems to be awakening. It reports that the first step has just been taken by the board of supervisors "looking to the acquisition of a municipal water supply."

In an official opinion the district attorney of Riverside county declares that under the laws of California the personal property of strangers, including automobiles, is exempt from taxation.

Local.

The idea of locating a Los Angeles Fine Arts building in the wilds of Avenue Forty-six is like a failure in vaccination—it fails to "take." An inspiration to select Echo Mountain, San Gabriel Mission or San Juan Capistrano ruins for the purpose is in order now.

Nine of the leading American universities and colleges are preparing to take a hand in politics. It may not be inappropriate to suggest that Los Angeles has a number of men eminently qualified to fill chairs as political professors.

Half a dozen years ago conservative citizens ridiculed the claim of a local real estate agent, blazoned on big bill boards, that Los Angeles would have a population of 250,000 in 1910. Now the figure, raised to 300,000, evokes no surprise.

Two or three of the towns in the group near Los Angeles are shying at the consolidation project. There is no purpose, however, to enmesh them unwillingly. The bait offered will be obvious benefits to them, and they may either bite or decline even to nibble.

An object lesson demonstrating the necessity for an ordinance passed by the city council last Monday was strikingly in evidence within a few hours thereafter. The council provided for an election to determine the issue of sewer and storm drain bonds to the amount of \$512,500. In the evening of the same day the lack of such sewers and drains made Los Angeles a Venice—minus the gondolas.

Next Thursday evening the Union League of this city will celebrate its seventeenth anniversary, on which occasion Gov. Pardee is billed to speak on "California." It is not likely the Governor will make a mistake similar to that of John Alden when he spoke to Priscilla on behalf of Miles Standish.

The sweetest of California towns, Oxnard of beet sugar fame, is the lucky recipient of a Carnegie library building. About a dozen Southern California towns have received such presents and the metropolis may yet be "it."

San Pedro proudly reports that the first transpacific steamship bound for that port was scheduled to leave Yokohama a week ago. A 4000 ton cargo is on board. The arrival of the vessel will be an interesting event for San Pedro to remember in the years to come.

The last thing that a stranger might suspect as lacking in Los Angeles is a paucity of language. And yet, as if the present cosmopolitan supply were not adequate, there now is an earnest effort to sprout a new language here and also to resurrect a dead one. A "world language" called "Esperanto" is becoming a local class vogue, succeeding "Volapuk," introduced by Johann Schleyer in 1879. An attempt also is in progress here to revive interest in the Gaelic language, which practically is dead, as to general use, except in the Scottish highlands.

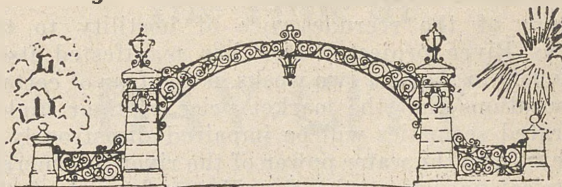
At a meeting of the national association of general baggage agents, which occurred this week in Los Angeles, the report says, "One of the most important questions discussed was that of checking corpses." Charon was not present at the meeting, the corpse question being a little out of his line.

There could be no better evidence of the prosperity of Los Angeles than is seen in the columns of "help wanted" advertisements printed in the daily newspapers. And there is no better evidence of the scarcity of labor generally in California than is seen in the effort of a new railway company now building to the coast, to get enough men for the work at wages varying from \$2 to \$4 a day.

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"By the Way"

Owens River Investigation.

Back of the recrudescence of hostility to the Owens River project, which has manifested itself variously in the past two weeks, is the fear of certain corporations that the market price of their highly hydrated securities will be impaired disastrously if the city uses the water power of the river to generate electrical energy at the San Fernando end of the conduit. Publicly, the power companies profess to be heartily in favor of the project. Privately, some of their officers—though not their presidents—seem to be anxious to discredit the plans of the engineers and to create suspicion of the integrity of the city's agents and officials in charge of the preliminary stages of the enterprise.

If the project is so impracticable as Mr. Baleli, of the Pacific Light and Power Company, and Engineer Finkle of the Edison Electric Company apparently believe, why does a power company offer to build the reservoirs and conduit free of all cost to the city in consideration of a perpetual franchise to develop and sell the power derived from the fall of water? I wonder if one of the corporations will deny that it once had in view a \$50,000,000 project to bring the water of Owens River down to this valley and sell it to the city, and that it was forced to abandon the scheme by the intervention of the Federal government and the withdrawal of a reservoir site and

lands in the Owens Valley from location by private parties.

It is significant that while various "knockers" have been active in Washington, and at home are cunningly instigating the publication of matter designed to create the impression that the city has been recklessly extravagant in the purchase of property in Owens Valley, a schemer named George Chaffey, already notorious in the Imperial Valley, is outbidding the city, paying higher prices and filing claims on more water and power than the most sanguine advocates of the city's enterprise ever estimated to be in existence in Owens Valley.

One very important point appears to have been overlooked by the persons who are trying to block the city's water project in order to grab it themselves. Los Angeles can hold reservoir sites for the storage of surplus waters as against the United States Reclamation Service, and the government may abandon its irrigation plans in pursuance of its policy of promoting the greater good of the greater number, but no corporation, no private speculator, would be permitted to interfere with the reclamation project. Should the city give up its enterprise, the government would resume control of the reservoir sites and surplus waters, and the scheme of the knockers for holding up the city of Los Angeles would die a-borning.

In fulfilment of the promise given by the Water Board to the public last summer, precise surveys of the conduit line are being made, and plans and speci-



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fications will be ready soon for submission to a board of expert engineers. All questions of practicability and cost will be determined by that board, not by the off-hand opinions of laymen, who know nothing of the Owens River project beyond what they have read in the newspapers.

As I said months ago, it is all foolishness to attempt to criticize the tentative plans of the Water Board in advance of the verdict of competent engineers, passed upon definite plans and complete information of all that the city has done and proposes to do. The cock-a-whoop opinions of bright young reporters and the able editors are as valueless at this time as the sinister whisperings of disappointed speculators are mischievous.

Senator Flint's Dilemma.

The junior Senator from California, Frank Putnam Flint, seems to be between the devil and the deep blue sea, alias the Southern Pacific and the Pacific Ocean of public disapproval. If he votes for the Hepburn bill he will be guilty of gross ingratitude to the men who made him; if he votes against it, he will be forever damned by most of the people who applauded his election. Over a year ago I pointed out to Mr. Flint in these columns the grave dilemma that inevitably awaited him. I believe in Frank Flint, in his integrity of purpose, but I can not envy him his job.

Wanted, a Prophet.

Although the next Presidential campaign is still more than two years distant, keen citizens are casting around—at least in their minds—for likely men, who could both run the race and who might be depended upon to fill the high office with dignity and safety. Domestic and foreign problems of the utmost moment confront this nation. The United States is now bound to fulfill its destiny as a world power, and at home there is impending a struggle—not of race, but of class—the tremendous effects of which no sane man dares to prophesy. Many observers believe that Theodore Roosevelt, despite his affirmation on the evening of his election, in 1904, will be overpersuaded or coerced into again accepting the Republican nomination. In fact, it is to be noted that Mr. Roosevelt's talent as a politician has developed very remarkably during the last few months: that he has retreated from the very strong ground he once occupied on the question of "special privileges for the few;" that while he is too good a Democrat to be a good Republican, he is not extreme enough in either direction to please extremists. The public confidence in Theodore Roosevelt has not abated, but he has made many powerful enemies in his own party, and he has not confirmed the sympathies of some who were disposed to be his strongest friends. Nevertheless Theodore Roosevelt so towers above every other individual in his own party—Root, Taft and Pshaw included—that his will be the only name to conjure with in the Republican party, unless within the next two years a new prophet arises.

The Democracy.

On the other hand, the Democracy, if not dead, is sleeping. The Democrats in the last campaign faded into what Dr. Cleveland used to call "innocuous desuetude." William Jennings Bryan is the

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one man calculated to arouse enthusiasm in the serried ranks. But Mr. Bryan has failed twice already, and the financial interests of the country are still timid of his heresies. The Democracy will cut small figure in any great campaign until it declares flat-footedly for the government ownership of railroads, for popular election of the Senate, and for other principles of direct legislation. Mr. Hearst's ambitions cannot be tamed; his desires and his policies are too fiery. He will probably steal some of Mr. Bryan's thunder and prevent either Bryan's or his own nomination, but that he will be in the saddle at the next Democratic National Convention there can be little doubt as long as he doesn't lose the reins or the stirrups he now has.

A New Moses.

With such indefinite prospect it is interesting to note every star in the East, and Col. George Harvey, the erudite editor of Harper's Weekly, whose significant platform during 1904 was "No Humbug," has discovered a new comet. At a dinner given by the Lotus Club of New York a few evenings ago, Col. Harvey ventured to suggest President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. Col. Harvey now invites consideration of some of the reasons which, he says, might properly be adduced in support of his proposal.

Cui Bono?

It is well known that Harvard men hope that Theodore Roosevelt will succeed President Eliot

when Mr. Roosevelt has finished his present term. If the country gives a college a president, why should not another college complete the exchange? The press of the country seems as yet to have received Col. Harvey's suggestion in facetious mood. Yet the only thing I know against President Wilson is that he is not what we call a "politician," which, however, to my mind would be a very strong recommendation, indeed. It would seem, at this juncture, that unless the Democratic party is converted into radicalism, President Woodrow Wilson would be as fine a leader out of the wilderness back into another wilderness as any other really distinguished citizen. "It might be well," says the Washington Star, "for the Democracy, unless it is thoroughly Bryanized or Hearstized, to nominate Professor Wilson, or some other clean, clear thinker of his class. In the past forty years it has failed with several politicians, an editor, a soldier, and last time with a judge." But unless the Democracy is Bryanized or otherwise vitalized, what will it stand for?

Babel Bubble Pricked.

The Lummis Temple of Art and Archaeology, the Garvanza "Alhambra" palace, with its huge and indispensable passenger elevator well in the foreground, illuminated Tuesday's "Times," five columns wide. It was served with elaborate trimmings, without omitting a gentle fling at a local "weekly of known standing." My plain statement of facts must have indeed gone home to have thus aroused my prosperous contemporary. The unvarnished truth is that, unknown to the honorable board of

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directors, a few members have acquired this land. For gift? Oh no! simply for the purpose of exchanging it for the sum of \$68,000 of philanthropic cash. That is all. As the most beautiful but inaccessible hills are not even used for goat pasture, they certainly cannot have cost any such amount. Who would receive the difference? A conscience fund, let us hope. Several directors of the Fine Arts Association happen to own tracts of land, some fifteen acres, so far discovered, about the projected Art Park, or have material interests in the immediate vicinity. Is it only mere accident or sub-consciousness of art atmosphere, or what? At Tuesday's meeting of the Fine Arts Building Association no vote was taken accepting the illogical site proposed. Defeat was in the air, so the meeting was postponed in order to gain time for more "electioneering," perchance sparring for time to acquire more "pie" to cut. From the flushed faces and excited tête-à-têtes which, my reporter tells me, characterized the meeting, the day had very evidently gone wrong with the Babel scheme "facing Sycamore Grove," (to use the words of the Times) which it should have added is four blocks away from the five hundred feet high site. From the lonely tower of his rocky lair the "Lion" may now gaze sadly and howl disconsolately toward the East, where his active imagination had already built a \$500,000 "Castle in Spain," in the midst of the \$68,000 park, for his delectation and—profit,—all vanished in thin air—a selfish, absurd bubble, pricked by the pin of proper and fearless criticism. That the Graphic shall always fight the battles of civic duty, and expose those who attempt to exploit public good for their own selfish ends, can be depended upon. But any movement for the erection of a centrally located Museum, sanely conceived and honestly managed for the benefit of the greater number, is sure to have our heartiest support.

Ultra-Leonine.

Dr. Charles F. Lummis, the city librarian, made another pusillanimous exposure of himself in last Tuesday's Times. It is always painful to see the "galled jade wincing," and it is still more distressing to hear a wounded lion, even of the puma variety, roaring in pain, especially when such pain is self-inflicted. In the past I have had the warmest

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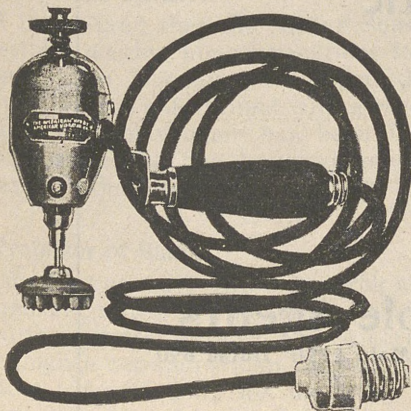
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personal regard for Dr. Lummis, and I have in my possession prized evidence that Dr. Lummis reciprocated that feeling, until, a few months ago, I thought fit to criticize his extraordinary leap into public office. That a man of such parts and reputation as Dr. Lummis should deliberately seek to misrepresent facts in order to strike at this journal is as surprising as it is pitiable. In the past Dr. Lummis has preached the gospel of "a square deal." That is all the Graphic is looking for.

Why So Galled.

Because the Graphic has seen fit to criticize the sacred person of Charles F. Lummis when launched into public official life, Dr. Lummis retaliates at every opportunity by cowardly innuendos, by miserable misrepresentations, and by stating what he knows to be untrue. Such methods, Dr. Lummis, are unworthy of a scholar and a gentleman, and are not calculated to increase your reputation before the public. The real estate scheme which the Graphic exposed—I hope in time—in connection with the projected Art Museum, surely does not involve Dr. Lummis. Qui s'excuse s'accuse.

University Club Election.

Spring cleaning, which not infrequently results in a family row, temporary but not serious, is after all a wholesome diversion, and frequently quite necessary for sanitary purposes. As I anticipated, nothing more serious was stirred up at the University Club's annual election last week than a little dust and ashes, which is also seasonable. The ticket that I advised—and my advice was based on what I

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considered the ripest wisdom of the club—was elected with one single exception, an eminent divine being defeated by less than a handful of votes. The board of directors last Monday night elected Dr. Walter Lindley president, Mr. Fielding Stilson vice-president, and Mr. Rufus Horton secretary. I congratulate the club on the result, particularly on the fact that Mr. Stilson's yeoman services for several years were not disregarded, as is so frequently the case in ungrateful republics and clubs, and that now the affable father of William Winter, Jr., is in line for the presidency of the club, the interests of which he has done so much to further.

Tom Hughes Exults.

Mr. Tom Hughes, engineer in chief of the Union League Club, is exulting over the prospects of the club. The membership has increased to 750, and the present quarters in the old telephone building on West Second street are so cramped that three stories are to be added to the structure, and then the building will be adequate to house the club members. The Union League is emphatically the headquarters of the "kid glove and purity wing" of the Republican party. Its membership, as a rule, does not affiliate with "The Bunch," or the Parkerites. I must confess that I always go into the Union League rooms with a deal of diffidence. You are apt to meet there a great deal of the dignity and solidity of the party.

Bacchus at the Palace.

Had Bacchus been an athlete
In modern clothes attired
His kindly face and genial smile,
To-day, would be admired.
Yet anyone, who looks around,
Can see this god of wine
Though modern he is debonnair,
Though portly he is fine.
To see him you would never think
He'd lately made a fast,
Attention, then, wine-lovers all!
Three cheers for General Last.

The original Bacchus is certainly to be congratulated on the comparison. The doctor did not say so, but his friends know, that the reason for the General's admirable chest measurement is that his heart is so large the rest of him has to expand to make room for it.

Native Sons Gather.

I understand that the Native Sons of the Golden West are making big preparations for their celebration at San Buenaventura April 26. The Grand Parlor is to be entertained with a reception and banquet, and Christopher has been instructed to do his best for the five hundred guests who are expected at the banquet.

"Professor of Slang."

Mr. George Ade, whose research and study of the language known as "modern American" have made him the greatest authority on American slang, gave an English newspaperman the other day some interesting extracts from his book of "fables," translated from the Chicago dialect into everyday English. Mr. Ade is in London on his way to Cairo from Chicago, where he has been studying the patois of the middle West. In Cairo he will investigate early Egyptian and other dead languages by way of re-

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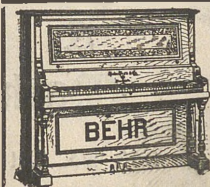
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laxation. Mr. Ade's book, "Fables in Slang," is written in the quaint dialect known as "college slang," which, in America, is quite distinct from Bostonese, Baltimoreisms and the rugged local speech of Pittsburg rolling mill workmen—three distinct dialects requiring separate translations. The author chose a semi-political fable for contrasting specimens of modern "American" and everyday English. The title and the extracts are as follows:

AMERICAN.

The Fable of the Statesman Who Couldn't Make Good.

Once there was a Bluff, whose Long Suit was Glittering Generalities. He Hated to Work, and it Hurt his Eyes to Read Law, but on a Clear Day he could be heard a Mile, so he became a Statesman.

Whenever the Foresters Had a Picnic they Invited him to make the Principal Address, because he was the only Orator who could beat the Merry-go round.

ENGLISH.

The Fable of the Pseudo Statesman Whose Ultimate Attempt to Deceive was Unsuccessful.

Once there was a man whose real abilities were not commensurate with his vainglorious pretenses. He had an aversion to any kind of labor, but, possessing a voice of large volume, he decided to employ his talents in the field of Politics.

He attended many outdoor social functions, and addressed his fellow men in loud tones, being especially popular because he could be heard above the din of the steam roundabouts.

In due time the orator marries a "widow of the Bantam Division." In other words, he formed a matrimonial alliance with a widow of diminutive proportions.

Mr. Ade says he has given up slang. He is now a serious (save the mark!) playwright. "The 'college widow,'" explained Mr. Ade, in his English interview, "is an institution at all American universities. She is a pretty girl, who begins to flirt violently at the age of 15 with undergraduates. Then she engages a second and third year man, and so on, but at the end of each year she is still unmarried, hence a 'college widow.'"

Incidentally, according to Mr. Ade, the very latest "slang" for champagne in American college circles is "conversation water."

Charles Dwight Willard's short story, "The Jack Pot," appears in the distinguished collection of "Argonaut Stories," a handsome volume about to be issued. The modest sum of 50 cents is to be charged for the book which includes stories by Pacific Coast writers who have won fame abroad as well as at home. Some of the selected stories are Jack London's "Moon-Face," Frank Norris's "A Caged Lion," Gwendolen Overton's "The Race Bond," Geraldine Bonner's "Conscience Money," and Stewart Edward White's "A Double Shot."

Restoration of Gaelic.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, the distinguished Gaelic scholar, has served the splendid purpose of diverting many minds, during the past week, from the dollar worship and grubbing that ruins taste and consumes souls. The passion and pathos of the poetry of Ireland, the lofty imagination and the expression of the full hearts of Erin's sons, must always occupy a large place in the world's literature, but Dr. Hyde is campaigning for a hopeless cause. I recall what a distinguished English statesman, himself a Home-ruler, once said in the lobby of the House of Commons. "Irishmen would never be happy if they were satisfied." No true Englishman forgets the tremen-

dous debt that the Empire owes Ireland, in literature as well as war, but, naturally, every Englishman will do his utmost to prevent separation—the loss of the most poetic and most interesting part of the Empire. No one can withstand the magic of Dr. Hyde's passionate pleadings, until the next morning stubborn facts recall themselves. The English language, despite its alleged inferiorities to Gaelic, is the most ubiquitous language of the world; its firm roots can not be disturbed even in Ireland. Dr. Hyde is leading another of those forlorn hopes, which is splendidly chivalrous and characteristic of his race, but practically preposterous.

Spanish Word and Irish Wit.

Mr. Joseph Scott has been leading a strenuous life for the last few days in guiding the poetic patriot, Dr. Douglas Hyde, around these parts. Mr. Scott absorbed much of Celtic lore, and some Gaelic spelling, from the distinguished visitor, but found relief from the strenuous pace he had to lead in mildly joshing Dr. Hyde. The Gaelic apostle, who like his distinguished compatriot, Archbishop Trench, another great philologist, loves to quarry words, was trying to absorb as much of the Spanish language as he could in his brief wanderings hereabouts. He heard some one use the word "mañana," and, notebook in hand, he promptly turned to Joe Scott, saying, "I have heard this word, 'mañana' several times. Now what does that really mean?" To which Joe Scott solemnly replied, "Ah, 'mañana'—that is the motto of the Mexicans: means 'Do It Now.'"—All of which Dr. Hyde solemnly jotted down. I noticed at the Mason Opera House on Monday night that Mr. Scott, who occupied the chair, was somewhat nervous, and he subsequently explained to me that he was fearful lest the lecturer should make an exposure, by using the word "mañana," of the jocose translation the chairman had put upon him.

Department Store Activity.

Unless I miss my guess there is going to be "something doing" in the department store business in Los Angeles within the year. With Hamburger at one end of the town and the Broadway Department Store several blocks away, rivalry has not been sufficiently intense to cause anybody to sit up and take notice, but a short time ago the Steele-Faris-Walker Co. went in at the corner of Fifth street, and I am told that their business has exceeded their most rosy anticipations by at least double, and consequently you may believe they are feeling exceedingly happy, even though the Broadway's business is today much larger than at any time in its history. Now along comes Mr. William M. Garland, who is engineering a scheme sub-rosa to establish a big department store at the southeast corner of Sixth and Broadway. Next in line comes the El-Emporio, which is having its headquarters at Seventh and Broadway, and then there is Hamburger, who proposes to build at Eighth. If they all get started with a department store, we will have a store at Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth, and I am sure you will agree with me when I say there will be "something doing."

Two Companies.

The El-Emporio and Hamburger schemes, from what I can learn, are each worth separate consider-



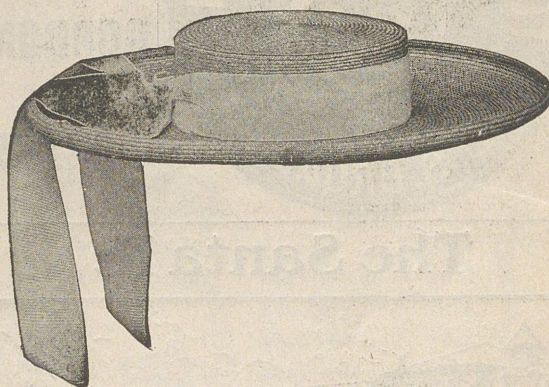
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H. K. WILLIAMSON

I doubt if there are many men in any line of business in Los Angeles, for whom, if they died, their competitors would close their establishments and attend the funeral in a body. Yet this honor was paid recently to the memory of H. K. Williamson of the firm of Williamson Bros. When he died, after a long illness, and the remains were brought to Los Angeles, on the afternoon of the funeral every piano house in Los Angeles closed in order that the employers and employes might pay the last tribute of respect to the dead. Mr. Williamson's death was felt as a personal loss, not only by the piano trade, but by men in every walk of life. He was a gentle, non-assertive, but nevertheless energetic and aggressive man, who enjoyed the respect and esteem of all. In his last illness he became perfectly resigned. Nevertheless he made a determined struggle against the disease which eventually caused his death. In the words of Rev. J. S. Thomson, who pronounced the eulogy at his funeral, "He worked and prayed and fought, and endeavored in every way to recover the health that would bring him back into the full physical enjoyments of this scene of our existence, but these efforts were disappointing. Yet our brother's life at the last, with all of the burdens that he had to bear, with all the disappointments that came to him in the struggles to regain his health, grew in spirit and in heart."

Mr. Williamson was born in Canada, and was about forty-four years of age. He came to California fourteen years ago, after an active business career in Port Hope and Coburg, Canada. His health was impaired when he left the Dominion, but nevertheless he was engaged actively in business in Los Angeles up to two years ago. He was married in Los Angeles to Miss Jessie Soper, whom he had known in Canada, and who is the sister of Mrs. R. B. Wil-

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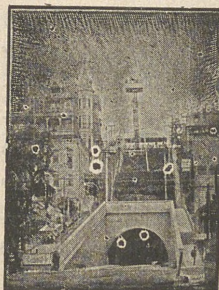


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241 S. Spring St.





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- CHUTES PARK**—Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.
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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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Hamson, the two brothers having married sisters. Mrs. Williamson survives him, but he left no children.

More Truth About Ascot.

It seems to make a good deal of difference at Ascot Park whose ox is gored. Every day, I am told, you can see Mr. "Boots" Durnell and Mr. "Rose" McCafferty airing their grievances in the grand stand, in the boxes, or in the ring, and always with attentive and tearful audiences. But these same persons have been "ruled off." What is "ruled off?" I confess my ignorance. An impoverished tont, Sheehan by name, came down here last year with a single horse, made a mis-step and was "ruled off." Now, if Sheehan were caught even peeping through a knot hole in the fence, dire would be the punishment meted out by the Pinkertonians, who probably would eject him in such fashion that he would have to eat his breakfast off the mantelpiece for a month. This seems to be the difference between "ruling off" an insignificant like Sheehan and the representatives of Mr. John W. Gates or Mr. George W. Rose, neither of whom has benefited the American turf since their more or less distinguished names have been connected therewith. Ascot cannot survive unless it is administered cleanly and without prejudice—that is, in a truly sportsmanlike method and manner, divorced entirely from bookmaking or other external special interests.

Yacht Club Meets.



Last Saturday night the South Coast Yacht Club held its regular meeting. All the enthusiasts were present, from Commodore Sinclair, who owns the Lurline, the largest yacht in the club, down to the latest joined "varlet." In yacht-club phraseology a "varlet" is a club member who cannot afford to own his own boat, and sails as one of the crew on a yacht belonging to some other member who is better provided with this world's goods. The principal matter that came up before the meeting was the issuance of \$10,000 worth of bonds, the money so raised to be used in the erection and maintenance of a clubhouse on the club's lot on the bluff in the outer harbor, directly above Crawfish bight. Eventually it was decided to ask members of the club to advance the money, taking in return the club's notes bearing interest. The commodore started the breeze by offering to subscribe \$2500. Other members followed with liberal offers, and the total amount was promised in short order. This will be an excellent thing for the club, as its present anchorage in the inner harbor is little better than a mud slough, half the yachts being on the mud at low tide, while anchorage in front of the clubhouse at Terminal is never safe from winter southeasters and summer swells.

Sport at Catalina.

The late golf tournament at Avalon was a success, although the entry list was disappointingly small. What, however, is more to the point, everybody who played, win or lose, enjoyed the game and had a good time. The thanks of all the golfers are due the Banning Co., the management of the Hotel Metropole, including Mr. H. E. Fletcher, himself a convert of St. Andrew, and Mr. A. J. Levy and the Pilgrim Club. The prizes, I believe, were exceed-

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Enclosed find check to pay for _____ shares of stock in THE GOLDEN STATE MOTOR CAR CO. above amount to be returned if entire subscription is sold upon receipt of this. Kindly acknowledge and oblige.
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 Cut out and mail either one of these Coupons 

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Will you kindly give me fullest information concerning an investment in the stock of the GOLDEN STATE MOTOR CAR CO. I may decide to purchase some stock if it looks like a good investment.
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Rich men are
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Stock in the Golden State Motor Car Co. is steadily advancing, as it nears the time to get the factory wheels in motion making up the \$70,000 worth of automobiles already ordered, and as more intimate knowledge of the intrinsic value of our car and stock proposition is obtained, investors are flocking in to have a share in the prosperity sure to accrue. Remember the patent rights alone are worth more than five times the present stock allotment now for sale.

You worked
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10,000 Shares, Par Value \$1--at 85c For a Few Days

Own Stock in the Automobile Factory and Enjoy a Sure Profit

In presenting the opportunity to buy stock in the Golden State Motor Car Co., the company is following a plan of action that seems wise, in as much as a larger list of stock holders will give a more diversified interest in the prosperity of the concern. The product thereby will have many interested and enthusiastic supporters and greatly augment the advertising of the car when it is placed before the trade. The future is certainly bright for this splendid enterprise. Wherever the car has been demonstrated it has proven its unqualified superiority in power, simplicity, reliability and economy of operation, and if the original incorporators had wished, they could have sold the patents covering the innovations in motor making to prominent automobile makers for five times the amount of the present stock subscription. The great adaptability of our motor places us in a position to

take advantage of the trend towards motor carriages for every purpose—trucks, deliveries and the soon-to-be popular railway motor car.

The selection of an investment is of utmost importance and in this land of opportunity wise selection is difficult. The securing of a profitable investment lies in seeing clearly and quickly the real conditions. The best investments seldom admit of too long deliberation—the better the opportunity the more quickly it must be grasped. This enterprise is one in which investigation confirms conviction—a case where the truth about it is the best thing for us and for you. We not only offer the list of men who are already in as a guarantee of good business management, but we can prove a sure profit in the making of our automobiles, and the exclusive control of valuable patents which will make them popular.

More than \$70,000 worth of machines already ordered. More in sight. -- The factory will soon be in operation and earning money from the start.

The Golden State Motor Car Company, a Popular Local Enterprise, where every dollar you invest goes into the actual Working Capital of the Company

ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE, TELEGRAMS, ETC., AND
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Fourth and Spring

Cafe Bristol

*The Great Feature of a Repast
(aside from the menu)
is the Music.*

*The Bristol Orchestra is under
the leadership of MISS BERTHA
BARTH, so well known
as a violinist. Exquisite
Music results.*

Entire Basement of H. W. Hellman Building
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Don't be jollied into taking a substitute!—which invariably would be an inferior product.

Your stomach and dependent health are surely worthy of consideration. The

"Jackson Club"

is absolutely pure—the result of 50 years' ambition. You can get it for the same price,—of all reputable dealers. We repeat—"don't be jollied."

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ingly handsome but erratic golf does not permit one to take any personal interest therein. Mr. Frederickson, who, I understand, is slated for one of the city police judgeships, repeated his victory in the Southern California Association's championship by adding more laurels to his wreath. Everybody rejoiced to see "Uncle Ed" Tufts back in the game after three years' dalliance with other sports, and that the veteran had not lost the cunning of his puts or the direction of his drive was demonstrated by his giving the champion a stiff run for premier honors. For the next island event, April 6, 7 and 8, the Pilgrim Club will hold, at Pebbly Beach, a trap shooting tournament. There will be one day at live pigeons and two others at blue rocks. Generous prizes, cups and medals, are offered, and the event should attract good shots from all over the country.

Not All.

Ed Tufts "got off" one sardonicism that is worth the test of printer's ink. He was reading the daily papers the morning after, conning the report of his match with Frederickson. "B-a-a," he said, "I see by the papers 'a large gallery followed the play.' B-a-a! Yes, indeed, and most of them were sheep!"

Shriners' Minstrels.

Minstrel shows have come and gone before, but none such as Mr. Perry W. Weidner will chaperon at the Mason theater March 29 and 30, when the Arab Patrol Minstrels will appear in all their gorgeous ensemble to entertain the high and mighty Shriners and their friends in Southern California. When the shades of evening fall on that fateful day a coterie of prominent citizens will be led forth by Interlocutor Weidner as lambs to the slaughter.

Interlocutor ----- Mr. Perry W. Weidner

Tambos—

Mr. Henry G. Krohn
Mr. David Martin
Dr. W. Albert Smith

Bones—

Mr. Leo V. Youngsworth
Mr. John H. Nightingale
Mr. Wm. Oliver

Premier End-Men—
Mr. Louis J. C. Spruance
Mr. Frank Bryson

Singers—

Mr. F. B. McComas
Mr. J. D. Walker
Mr. Jackson Gregg
Mr. W. J. Chick
Mr. Robert Wankowski
Mr. Francis M. Parker
Mr. Oscar Lawler
Mr. Walter Goldsmith
Mr. A. M. Selby
Mr. Wm. Kingsbury

Will Be to Laugh.

A few of the best known men about town have agreed to drop their dignity, forget their positions in public life, and don the garb of the merry minstrel man and perform for "sweet charity's sake." When you come to think of dignified Gen. Robert Wankowski as a boy soprano, it fills you with gladness, and when Mr. Leo V. Youngsworth, he of the beautiful face and gracious demeanor appears in pink fleshings, the hearts of the merry maidens must surely flutter. With Dr. Frank Bryson, the giving forth of the festive gag, the touching ballad and the toothsome parody, it will be exasperatingly easy, and it is understood that Mr. William E. Oliver for the past two weeks has been diligently studying Joe Miller and has revived many an ancient joke of commerce. It will be Dr. W. Albert Smith's first appearance on any stage, and people will come miles to see the immaculate Doctor wield the tambo. Mr. Louis J. C. Spruance found it necessary to take three or four "bracers" before joining the premiers

and making merry with the rattling bones. He has likewise consented to sing "She Was Happy 'Till She Met You." Mr. Spruance will be outfitted with a collection of his own choice epigrams which he has for years been lavishly wasting on clubmen, hackmen, waiters and good-fellows-about-town. Mr. F. B. McComas has prepared a most touching ballad on "The Wonders of the Deep," incidentally with a visit he made to Catalina several years ago, and is now busy preparing a short monologue on the subject "Why a Real Lady Never Buys the Drinks," or "What I Know of Life in the Seats of the Mighty." John E. Nightingale is quite well known as a business man and has prepared a few remarks of condensed wisdom which he will offer on a gilt-edged plate under the title of "The Mission of a Cigar Band."

The French Court.

The French Court, first part, organized and designed by Mr. Perry W. Weidner, will be the most gorgeous affair that has ever been placed before the American public since the days of Solomon's Court in all its glory. All that is bright and beautiful has been conducted and will be used upon the Mason stage. The splendidiferous costumes, the sacred jewels, the beribboned collarettes and satin sleeves will stagger any purchasing agent for any dry goods store. Imagine Mr. Leo V. Youngsworth struggling through the crescendos of "There's a Dark Man Coming With a Bundle." Why Leo should hesitate at a "dark man" is a problem, and as Leo has a repertoire that runs from "Little Eva" to that of the "Ghost" in Hamlet, he will undoubtedly make good with the "dark man." Then, there will be Mr. Walter Goldsmith, a man known to the professional world theatrically from one end of the United States to the other, playing the character of "Willie Lookout." Walter is undoubtedly a fresh young man from the East, but he can show several "hams" a few points. As a stage manager he is one of the best known on the Coast, and as a concertino player he has Joe Cawthorn beat a mile. In the character of "Willie Lookout" he is supposed to be Johnny-on-the-Spot, and the Elks of this city can testify without reserve that "Goldie" can be on two spots at the same time. Mr. Oscar Lawler has always yearned for a position on the staff of the Governor and his late appointment takes with it a high sounding title—Col. Will B. Durned. During the performance the champion tumblers Brothers Espee will appear in whirlwind act. They are said to be far faster than the Sunset Limited. The incomparable Foss will present a novelty in artistic club wielding, handling the local club without gloves. The Shriners garden party will take place in Ring No. 1, while the "Hailing of the Nations" will do duty in Ring No. 3, with a musical absurdity "Grenols and Wunderlich" in Ring No. 2—thus giving all a chance for keen enjoyment. For the grand transformation scene a most memorable composition has been revived—Mr. Leo V. Youngsworth will present that touching tableaux, "The Last Moments of Los Angeles," while Messrs. William E. Oliver and Youngsworth will present "Buster Brown and Little Eva Ascending to Heaven." Note—Gen. Robert Wankowski takes the part of Tige. Mr. Frank B. McComas appears as the "Crushed Tragedian" and Dr. Frank Bryson as a beautiful imitation of "\$8.98 Suitings." Mr. David Martin as the



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Main Office in its Own Building, 203 North Broadway. Phone 8737. Red 1202. COME, SEE. \$



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Maker of Men's Clothes

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Eastern Races by Wire. All tracks where Racing
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DRINK Maier & Zobelein Brewery (INCORPORATED) LAGER BEER

Home
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At Home



444 Aliso St.

Both Phones
91

Los Angeles



"Angel of the Show" and Dr. W. Albert Smith as "The Daughter of the Regiment," will present some very fetching ideas in illustrated tableaux. Watch for the small bills and the day parade!

Pasadena's Horse Show.

Last week's Horse Show at Pasadena was carried out in sportsmanlike and successful fashion despite the unsportsmanlike behavior of a portion of the spectators and some stupid reports in the daily press. Some of Mr. Francis Underhill's decisions were unpopular but as far as I could see were eminently correct. For some reason or other the wholesale victories of Mr. John S. Cravens were also unpopular, but as Mr. Cravens undoubtedly had the best horses, why should anyone object to his sweeping the board. Peculiarly silly was the display of ignorance made by spectators and some reporters in their attitude towards the judging of the four-in-hands. Mr. A. C. Burrage of Redlands, in proper sporting spirit, kindly brought a team of splendid, dashing bays to fill the class. They were only a few weeks off the pasture and their manners were not the best, while Mr. Cravens's team behaved excellently. Furthermore if the kicking spectators had taken the trouble to con their programs they would have noticed that in judging the teams and turnouts, 40 per cent. was to count for driving. Mr. Cravens drove stiffly but firmly and well; Mr. Burrage could not begin to handle his beautiful bays, twice having to turn over his reins to a groom, to bring the team to a station, while Mr. Auchincloss managed the brake for him. Naturally none of these things escaped the eagle, expert eye of Frank Underhill. Mr. Bruce McKinney's saddle horse "Tipperary" and Mr. Harold Richardson's wonderful pony were the picks of the show. There was a fine turn-out in the ladies' saddle horse class last Saturday afternoon, and, again, I thought the judges in this class, including Mr. Walter S. Newhall and Mr. W. D. Woolwine of Los Angeles, distinguished themselves. The class for hunt-



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AFFORD
IT
DRINK

MARIGOLD
RYE WHISKY

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HOME 842

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ers was rather ridiculous, there were only three entries and even the winner, the invincible "Tipperary," twice refused a jump that a seven-year-old boy on a pony in a hunting shire would think nothing of. Incidentally, for examples of absurdly bad riding over jumps, commend me to the "steeplechase" demonstrations at Ascot. The horse show was a great success in every way and I was especially glad to notice so many Los Angeles people supporting it with enthusiasm. The leading spirits of the association, Messrs. John S. Cravens, John B. Miller, Frank E. Wilcox, E. D. Neff, Frank Ryder and others deserve the heartiest congratulations. But I regret that Los Angeles cannot leave "well enough" alone, and be content to allow Pasadena to hold the one and only Southern California horse show. There is no good in "riding a good horse to death," and with all due deference to the energies of the secretary of the Kansas City Horse Show Association, who seems to be the inspiration of the Los Angeles show next month, I think a second show is a mistake. However, there is to be a show, and as a lover of horseflesh I shall now do all in my power to make it a success and I hope that the brethren from Pasadena will do likewise. But, another year, let us have one show and let it be a cracker-jack.

Youth's Rapid Rise.

From telephone boy to paymaster of the Los Angeles Lighting Company is the advancement that has come to a popular young man in four short years. Mr. James R. Page, son of Mrs. Clifford Page of Orchard avenue, is the youth well-starred. Mr. Page, is only 22 years of age. When the paymaster's po-

sition became vacant by resignation several names were presented by the head clerk for promotion to the coveted place. I understand that Page's name was not among those offered, but that President Cline personally selected him for the responsible position. Mr. Page attempted it, albeit with some misgivings, he says, as to his ability to fill such big shoes. Two of Mr. Page's brothers-in-law are Mr. Willoughby Rodman and Mr. Albert Crutcher, both prominent attorneys.

Wondering About the Price.

Several of the managers of the big resort hotels are wondering how much the Southern Pacific Company intends to assess them for a campaign of advertising that has been conducted all season and before this winter season in many of the great eastern magazines. The managers are also wondering whether the "League of California Resort Hotels" which was incorporated a year or so ago has tied them up into paying a big pro rata of this expense. The resort hotel business in Southern California is, if the word is permissible, somewhat diversified. Certain hotels, like the Raymond and the Green, cater only to eastern trade. These never advertise in California publications; others, like the Coronado and Potter, are looking for California business as well as eastern. When the league was organized, an advertisement of all the hotels was placed in many eastern publications. Before the present season fairly opened the Southern Pacific made a special appropriation of \$100,000 in excess of previous allowances for "promotion and publicity." This season the hotels find they are adver-

Los Angeles Jockey Club ASCOT PARK

Saturday, March 17, St. Patrick's Handicap.

One Mile

THE HIGHEST CLASS OF HORSES EVER ON THE
PACIFIC COAST ARE NOW AT THE ASCOT TRACK

Racing Every Week Day at 1:40 P. M.

FIRST ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE

An Innovation for this Store

On account of a change in the management in this store we offer this great clearance sale in order to thoroughly clean up our stock and dispose of every odd piece and broken line.

15% to 50% Reductions

have been made on every article in our entire establishment, which makes this the greatest furniture sale ever conducted in this city. Never in the history of Los Angeles have such liberal discounts on strictly first class furniture been offered you.

If you have furniture to buy, buy it now.

The sale will be continued during this month but we advise you to make an early purchase and take advantage of the great bargains now offered you.

**NILES PEASE
FURNITURE CO.**

439-441-443 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

MT. LOWE

The Mountain the Trolley Climbs

The ascent of Mt. Lowe is so wonderfully beautiful in its diversity of scenic panoramas that it should be the first trip made by the arriving tourist, and Los Angeles people should be thoroughly familiar with it.

Cars leave 6th and Main at 8, 9, 10 a. m. and 1 and 3:30 p. m.

The regular round trip to Alpine is

\$ 2.50

**The
Pacific Electric Railway**

tising, and it is said that the Southern Pacific ordered the advertising in. Before long the mystery of who is to pay the piper will be developed. My own idea is that the Southern Pacific has made an arrangement with the league, and that some bills of perfectly Himalayan size will be presented. Then you will hear some language and witness some hot skirmishing.

New York Fashions

Unique Cloak and Suit Co.

New York.

Gentlemen:

This season has flown with such speed that I can scarcely realize that already you have had your spring opening, and are now ready for Easter goods. The Eton coats seem most popular, with the short Pony coat as a close second. The New York women of fashion, however, seem to prefer the former. I have sent you a number of first-rate models, The combination suit with green coat and plaid skirt is, I think, quite one of the best. The little shadow check of batiste is dainty and should find favor with those who wish light-weight garments. White is being worn very early this year. One sees a great many suits here already, especially in the white serge. I think you have a very complete stock of white things at present both in wool and linen.

In a former letter I think I mentioned how very fashionable plaids are. They are very much worn, and in my opinion the cream and lavender model you have is distinctly one of the most stunning things I have ever seen; the princess skirt with short jacket makes it a very dressy suit.

You say nothing of having sold the blue Empire gown. Really you cannot imagine how prevalent the Empire is just now, in fact, a distinct preference is shown for all things Empire at present. No dark colors are in vogue at all, everything must be light, but that is good for you Southland people, since nothing can be so pretty at any time as light colors in gowns. I am looking at embroidered batistes and will let you know next week what I purchase.

Very Respectfully,

J. J. F.

March Eighth.

Forsythe Tailored Suits

Models for Spring 1906

The name Forsythe is sufficient guarantee of the exclusive style and exquisite finish of these swell, man-tailored suits. Eton Jacket, Pony Coat and other styles, with circular and pleated skirts. Grays and light, Spring-like plaids are the most fashionable color schemes. White linen wash suits in the new lingerie effects are here also. Prices begin at \$35.00

Matheson & Berner

Broadway, Corner Third

Deborah's Diary

In my Lenten meditations I have been considering the meaning of the word "society." I need not refer to the dictionary for a definition. Some of us know what true society is and realize that it is the very antithesis of what is known today as "society," that which is exploited in the columns of the daily press; and finds its pleasure in ostentation and notoriety. For the latter I have little use, since it seems to me to be mainly a self seeking aggregation of people who are vieing with each other in vulgar display and wicked expense. Uncle Josephus tells me that the only standard of life today is that of dollars, and that means—so he says—that we must, perforce, accept that dross measurement. I hereby vow I will never succumb to such humiliation. For I have discovered in my very brief career that the more money people have, all too frequently, the more uninteresting they grow, and indeed, the less they get out of life. There may be, of course, some personal or petty satisfaction for forty or fifty families electing themselves as the *crème de la crème* of the social whirl. They must maintain that position by much inconvenience, self-sacrifice, and sordid expense. Mrs. So-and-So can never dare to be seen in the same frock twice, and therefore earns—at her husband's expense—the reputation of being the best dressed woman in the community. If Mrs. A. gives a reception for which she pays a caterer and a florist \$200, Mrs. B. is not satisfied until she has given a party with equally elaborate flowers and refreshments, and with an orchestra to boot—the expense probably footing up \$300. My figures are very modest, but illustrative. For the time being, then, Mrs. B. has supplanted Mrs. A. as the most talked of person in their little set, about which absolutely nobody cares except their little selves. To maintain

The Very New Shoe Models

Now-a-days even the commonest styles are often offered as "new models." "exclusive ideas"—and so wise folks avoid deception by confining their trading to stores of unquestioned responsibility.

Among the purveyors of fine footwear, this store holds a place of special confidence with well dressed people.

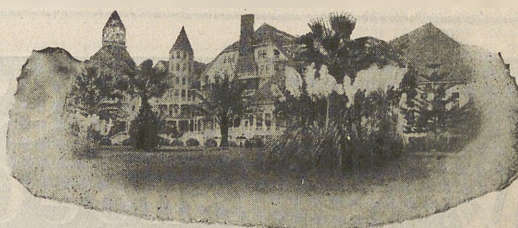
Innes Shoe Co.

258 S. BROADWAY 231 W. THIRD STREET

HOWARD STUDIO

Artistic Photos

310-310½ S. HILL STREET



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this wonderful eminence, of course, it is necessary to have at least a telephone acquaintance with the society reporters of the daily press, and after secretly giving over the 'phone elaborate details of the decorations and her gown, it is "good form" that same evening at dinner for the same hostess to deplore the curiosity of "those horrible society reporters" as a rude intrusion on the part of the public upon "our private little parties." "Why!" said a dear little woman to me the other day, "it is becoming perfectly outrageous. Of course, I never entertain in Lent, but yet I had a few friends to lunch at the club the other day, and imagine my horror to find it duly Timesed and Examined the next day!" My unsophisticated little friend neglected to tell me further that she had sent typewritten notices and boxes of candy to each of the prominent society reporters.

Can anybody possibly imagine that this sort of vulgarity, love of display, and lust for notoriety can properly be dignified by the term "society?" To my mind, indeed, it is the cheapest and most ungraceful way of self-advertisement. There can, of course, be no true **society** unless that society is composed of congenial and kindred spirits, who enjoy social intercourse because they care for each other's society. Of course, in such society neither dress nor expense of entertainment is of any real account. Naturally, we all like to appear at our best, and therefore we like good clothes. Naturally, also, the best refreshments and the best music are only just good enough to give our friends. Therefore, indeed, no entertainment can be too splendid or too costly, provided always its splendor and its cost are absolutely subordinate to the simple desire to please one's friends. It is only when the vulgar emulation of spending more money than the other hostess—making a greater display—is the main motive that true society becomes impossible.

Regarding publicity, I know full well that this is an age of curious personalisms. The daily press pries into the drawing rooms, the kitchens, and the servants' halls of so-called society leaders, because its business is to cater to a public taste, however wanton, vulgar and depraved. Mrs. B. is always anxious to know how Mrs. A. entertains her friends, what she wears, and even what she has for dinner. You see Mrs. B. may not have had the "social advantages" of Mrs. A.; Mrs. B. may herself have only lately graduated from the kitchen or from behind the counter of one of the dry goods stores—we live in such a rapidly progressive age. And furthermore these foregoing remarks are by no means meant to convey the impression that everybody whose name appears in the society columns of the daily press is seeking notoriety. On the contrary, many of them honestly shun and deplore such advertisement, but nowadays society reporters are ubiquitous, and caterers and servants and even guests (climbers) are often indiscreet. For myself I see no harm in the mere chronicling of social functions, but I am sure that everybody of good taste must lament a standard in society that is simply built upon the vulgar base of ostentation, advertisement and expenditure. Furthermore, Uncle Josephus points out that such constant advertisement of extravagance and luxury is not only bad taste but almost as dangerous as having unglazed windows in the Alexandria and

Levy's and thus permitting the hungry and otherwise green-eyed populace to view the wines and viands upon which the luxurious rich are feasting—sitting almost on the street. All these things, says Uncle Jo incite "envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness" and may help to precipitate a commune.

I wish that one of our distinguished cleries would preach a sermon with "Social Charity" as its text. Have you ever noticed that the most cruel thing in the world is the cruelty of one woman to another? Talk about cats! The attitude of one society woman to the sister, who, in her estimation, or according to gossip or scandal, has done something indiscreet enough to be found out, is sometimes shameful and humiliating to our sex who should be merciful to each other. I was walking down Spring street the other day with a very charming and loveable woman, but one who has been the victim of perhaps the most unfounded campaign of slander of any woman I ever knew. Of course, I am very young, and my experience is short, but I have heard Uncle Josephus grow very angry on this subject, and his experience has covered three score years, many men and women, in many countries. We passed a third lady who only within the last two or three years has risen, and very suddenly, from obscurity to her present eminence in society. This third lady—herself quite a sweet person—no doubt has had her ears stuffed with slander of my friend. She gave me a sweet, but nervous, little nod, but she cut my friend dead! Now what was there to gain by such vile cruelty? In former days the third lady had owed my friend a great deal—not in money but for social favors. This passing lady was not, and could not be my friend's judge. She neither knew the evidence—pro or con—but she had listened doubtless to many cruelly scandalous and vilely suggestive stories told by those who were once my friend's dearest friends, but who now for various designing reasons, seem to have conspired to blast her reputation and to drive her from this city. Christ would not have done so, and why should any one else usurp such function? Uncle Josephus tells me that among men only blackguards ever say an evil word about any woman; that they must be blackguards if of their own knowledge they state the truth; and that they become blackguards if they repeat idle gossip. The trouble is that in so-called "society" men and women frequently have so little brains and so few purposes in life that they have nothing to talk about except each other, and that it is more interesting to listen to evil rather than good report about each other. Uncle Josephus declares that he would favor a revision of the First Commandment, making it read "Thou shalt not take the name of any woman in vain," but I pointed out to him that the Mt. Sinai injunctions already covered "false witness."

Now that Bishop Conaty has given a dinner party in Lent we may all sit up and take notice. And it wasn't even as the erring sewing-girl excused herself "such a little one" either, for I noticed that covers were laid for sixteen; there were decorations, the Irish colors in Dr. Douglas Hyde's honor and according to the voracious reporters of the daily press "toasts were drunk." I am so glad the dear Bishop has established this precedent.

DEB.



Mothers' Stories About Their Babies

No. 15.

Sunbrights California Food
Co.,

Gentlemen:

I feel it my duty to write a word of praise for Sunbrights Baby Food. I began its use when our baby boy was less than three months old. Having used other foods with no success, and seeing what Sunbrights was doing for my neighbor's baby, I gave it a trial. Your nurse came out and so kindly showed me how to prepare the food that I had no trouble. My baby is now six months old, weighs 21½ pounds and has never had a sick day. His fat, rosy cheeks

and bright eyes show what Sunbrights California Food has done for him. I can heartily recommend it to all mothers, since I have seen what it has done for other babies as well as my own.

Very respectfully,

MRS. F. NORBURY,
121½ E. 31st St., Los Angeles.

Feb. 26, 1906.

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California Food Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

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SKETCH AND ETCHED EFFECTS

CHILDREN IN NATURAL POSES

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Where Are They?

Mr. C. C. Desmond has sailed for Honolulu.

Mrs. Ruth Overman of Chicago is visiting Mrs. John E. Brink.

Mrs. I. B. Newton is at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, for two weeks.

Mrs. Willard Arnott will be at home on the first and third Fridays at 331 Loma Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell of South Figueroa street will leave shortly for Europe.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Walker of Washington, D. C., are in Los Angeles for a few weeks.

Mr. A. A. Talmage, the manager of the Blaisdell Company, is in Mexico on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson and Miss Hazel Patterson will occupy their beach home at Terminal.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, accompanied by Miss Gwendolen Laughlin, are en route for Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano and daughter have returned from a few days' visit at their Hollywood home.

Major S. W. Ferguson, who now maintains his headquarters in San Francisco, was in Los Angeles this week.

Mrs. Jonathan Ingersoll has left for a short visit to New York City, her former home, expecting to return during April.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Porter, who were at the Van Nuys this week, expect to go abroad this spring, to remain until fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Hamilton are visiting Mrs. Hamilton and her mother, Mrs. William Bonsall of West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Carhart of South Burlington avenue have been spending a few days at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown has returned from Europe, and is visiting Mrs. I. Lowenberg at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burks left yesterday for their home in Prescott, Ariz., after a visit with Mrs. Burks's mother, Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and daughters, Misses Constance and Helen, were guests this week at the Hotel Alexandria. They left last Wednesday for Coronado.

Mrs. William Crosby of Chicago gave a Wagnerian recital at the Friday Morning Club yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Crosby is a guest at 125 South Grand avenue, Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. De Forrest Howry have returned from their wedding trip and are guests of Mrs. Howry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Howes, 2630 Severance street.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Miss Margaret Newhall, Miss Marion Newhall, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall of San Francisco will leave in a few weeks for a six months' trip abroad.

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Academic, Preparatory, Primary Departments
Domestic Science, Music, Art, Physical Culture
College Certificate Rights
House Students Limited to Thirty-Five

Miss Parsons, Miss Dennen, Principals

Tuesday, March 20, will witness the inauguration and opening of "Dreamland," which is the ideal name that has been given the model structure erected on South Main street near Twelfth by a local syndicate, to usher in the old, but rejuvenated, pastime of roller skating. This once popular form of healthy recreation has for the past year been the vogue in San Francisco, and bids fair to become epidemic here. An announcement from the management appears in this issue of the Graphic. Apparently the institution will be conducted on the highest plane, so that the most refined people can enjoy themselves with comfort.

Mrs. Nat F. Wilshire is at home at Redondo on the first and third Thursdays of the month. Mrs. Wilshire and Mrs. George Wilshire will give a reception at the Alexandria on March 22.

Mr. A. H. Voight, president of the California Furniture Company, is home after a two months' Eastern trip. Mr. Voight completed his purchases for the spring trade and the goods are now arriving daily.

Receptions, Etc.

March 10.—Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, 3601 Downey avenue; box party at Pasadena Horse Show.

March 10.—Mrs. F. W. Brown, Chester Place; luncheon at Jonathan Club.

March 11.—Mrs. O. H. Burbridge, 208 West Adams street; for Women's Press Club.

March 13.—Mrs. Albert Llewellyn Cheney, 651 South Burlington avenue; luncheon at Country Club.

March 14.—Mrs. F. W. Flint, Chester Place; at home.

March 14.—Mrs. W. W. Neuer, 843 South Bonnie Brae; dinner for Miss Ruth Larned.

March 16.—Mrs. A. B. McCutchen and Miss Mary Chapman; party for Mrs. Frederick Hicks of New York at Casa Verdugo.

Anastasia's Date-book.

March 17.—Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Clark; dinner-dance.

March 17.—Mrs. R. P. McJohnston and Mrs. Alexander Barrett, Hollywood; luncheon at Hotel Hollywood.

March 17.—Mrs. R. P. McJohnston and Mrs. Alexander Barrett, Hollywood; St. Patrick's Ball.

Approaching Weddings.

March 20.—Miss June Hayson, daughter of Mrs. E. C. Hayson, 1236 South Grand avenue, to Mr. George J. Clark.

April 18.—Miss Hattie Saunders of Butte, Mont., to Mr. Wm. G. Nevin.

April 25.—Miss Elna Bumiller, daughter of Mrs. Bumiller-Hickey, 1049 Elden avenue, to Mr. Murray Sullivan of Salt Lake.



AND HERE'S TO THE HAPPY
COUPLE A BOTTLE OF THE

Genuine

Clicquot

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL

Champagnes

BUT, please REMEMBER, that each bottle
of the GENUINE Clicquot, im-
ported direct from FRANCE
bears

VIGNIER'S LABEL

also please notice that the cork is
"NOT TIED WITH STRING"

Do not accept substitutes! R. A. ROTH, Agt.
301 Bradbury Bldg.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet.

To state that "there's nothing new under Heaven" is a direct falsehood. I discovered only this morning something absolutely new, and as yet unrevealed to the people. This something new is to be found in the millinery department of the Boston Store, where a powerfully strong opening day was held yesterday (Thursday.) Can you imagine a peacock in mourning? Gorgeous tail feathers of green and gold, drooping in somber black—all the glory departed, but not, on your life, the style. Go and see some of the latest importations in the millinery line at Messrs. Robinson et Cie's. A large black hat of folded moline with a drooping tail of black peacock feathers on one side, and a bangety-bang-up bow of fluffy moline at the back was one of the swellest things I have ever seen. Another beauty hat, about the size of an airship, was of finest white Leghorn. Several bushels of roses, in the loveliest of pastel shades, clambered up the back and peeped over the face, while a baby sash and buckle round the brim pretended not to know there was anything doing. A pheasant (out of a job) had settled down on the brim of an exquisite brown greeny hat—and with his drooping tail plumes will no doubt be immortalized by some blushing young Diana this season. My word, but the new millinery is worth while studying. Such exquisite blendings of color, such daring yet pleasing effects. The Boston Store, with handsome Mrs. Ayers at its millinery apex, is about good enough, as a friend of mine said, to "out-Paris Paris."

Oh well, we can't have hats all the time, Harriet. Come with me to Coulter's and see the latest things in combs—hair combs, I mean. Yes, for you can't fit a new hat properly without a "sufficiency" of hair combs. They seem to fill up the gaps, and make the new hat sit straight. Really, Coulter's has some lovely novelties in this line. Chinese, Eastern, Oriental, and plain American, with carved or blended work. Some beautiful jeweled combs in golden or darker tortoiseshell I saw there, and wondered how the clever buyers managed to pick up such delicious little bits of art. For jeweled things in portemonies, buckles and combs, let me advise a visit to Coul-

ter's, on Broadway.

If I told you of all the lovely new things just arrived that I saw at Blackstone's this week, I would fill a whole book. Their linen robes, hand embroidered and lace inserted, are quite too tempting. Linen, you know, is going to be very good this season, and it is worth while remembering that at Blackstone's you can make your selection all the way from \$10 up to \$75, and have the very latest thing in an embroidered linen gown. Along with these cool garments come the output of sunshades or parasols, and if they aren't too lovely this season! Well, I wonder! Blackstone's has a display of novelties in hand-painted sunshades with slender long white handles that cannot be equaled in this city. Linen parasols, with hand embroidery or deep insertions, come for the long summer days, and I want to know if some of our pretty girls "won't do a thing to her queener" 'neath the shade of one sheltering lilac painted parasol. Blackstone's is having a great turn these days. Everything you see is unquestionably and absolutely new, and straight from New York or Paris. They burned up everything else, you know, and so we know when we see some dainty little Irish lace bolero or Eton jackets that they are at this moment the newest things in the big cities.

The Ville de Paris is as usual holding up its end on silks and silken goods this season. They have a seemingly endless display of all the latest effects in every known make of silk dress goods. I saw one or two of their soft new Radia silks in tiny blue-and-black checks that were quite too alluring. Rajah silks in every possible shade seem to be very much the vogue this season, and the Ville de Paris has a very full line of these neat and jaunty materials. Alice blue seems to hold good as regards color. Mrs. Alice Longworth seems to have set her seal upon a certain shade, and every one still runs after it. At the Horse Show in Pasadena the other day I counted fifteen gowns of "Alice" blue in varied materials within a very limited space of "grand stand."

Queen grey is the correct thing, though, in the old country this year. It has many shades and many moods, light and dark, and soft and harsh, but **grey** is the "mode" in London, I am assured, and all because sweet Queen Alexandra is wearing most becoming second mourning for her father. "All we like sheep," etc., etc. The Ville de Paris has some beautiful effects in this soft grey silk material, wide, and at reasonable price.

SOUVENIR HANDKERCHIEFS

We have, designed and made in Ireland, exclusively for our sale, a beautiful line of very fine narrow hemstitched linen handkerchiefs; the corners have poppies, poinsettias and palm designs; or hand embroidered wreaths. These we sell separately for \$1, or three for \$2.75. We can suggest no more appropriate or giftworthy souvenir of California for the strangers within our gates. One handkerchief, with hand-painted sachet to correspond, enclosed in boxes decorated with mission scenes, \$1.50.

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225-7-9 SOUTH BROADWAY
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Di stamped Stationery, whether in your monogram, or some other original design, gives elegance to your correspondence. We do this work well, in many unique styles and color effects. We're engravers, too—making a specialty of Wedding Announcements, At Home Cards, Visiting Cards, Etc.

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Next door north
of Ville de Paris

313 SOUTH BROADWAY

Now, my dear child, let me expatiate to you in my feeble manner on something that will really interest you. After the dark comes the dawn; after Lent comes Easter, and after Easter morning come the bills. But anyway, you don't have to worry about that, all you have to do is to get up to town in time to select a becoming "one" that carries its forgiveness along with it. Now what I mean to advise you of is a place where you can go to make this selection, and now you just try your luck for a change at the Marvel Millinery store, 241 South Broadway. This is really a splendid store, well run, and well managed, full of beautiful hats, flowers and feathers, and at the same time a possible place for the purchase of a stylish hat without running into three figures. I don't believe there is a house in town that handles such a complete stock of artificial flowers and foliage as does the "Marvel." I saw cases and cases full of every shade and tone, in every kind of flower and decoration there. The selection of pastel shades is admirable at the "Marvel." So often, don't you know, one can make a last year's hat "go" for a while with some fresh, pretty flowers, or leafy things. I have always found the Marvel most accommodating as regards suiting the purchase to the size of the purse of the purchaser. Some of the swell hats I may tell you are not rivaled even in our most stuck-up and exclusive stores, and, listen dear, you would laugh if I told you how many of our smart set buy their hats at the Marvel and talk Madame Louise de Paris. Phipps and Atcheson's hats also (these absolutely sound standards for good form.) are to be had at the Marvel. I wish you had been up for their opening day, honey; it was awfully good. Beautifully lighted and decorated, a really good orchestra and some stunning models in millinery art.

Auf wiedersehen,

Yours continually,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa Street, March fifteenth.

"Speaking of the immorality of the stage," says Jefferson De Angelis during a late visit to New York. "I want to go on record as saying that there is more of the female form divine to be seen on Broadway than in any theater on earth. Between tight skirts, straight fronts, habit backs, Flatiron Buildings and peek-a-boo waists, women don't leave much to the imagination now-a-days. If the present vogue of semi-nudity continues it won't be long before clergymen begin sending their children to the theater to keep them off the street."

To most people, says Channing Pollock in his bright little monthly, "The Show," the funniest thing in the world is the spectacle of a corpulent old gentleman falling off a street car. Hence, modern musical comedy.

Guests of the Hotel Melrose will give an invitation entertainment this Saturday evening, and a special feature of the program that has been prepared will be the reading of the New York Herald's prize one act play, "Destiny," by Mr. Leo Cooper. The artists who will assist at the entertainment are Theodore J. Irvine, pianist; Mr. Marquis Ellis, tenor; Mrs. A. H. Vincent, pianist; Mrs. Howard Sale, soprano; Mrs. Elsie Gilman, contralto, and Mrs. H. C. Ackerly, soprano.

On the Stage and Off



Lillian Burkhardt.
Orpheum Next Week

The Orpheum habit has settled upon the theater-going portion of this community with such persistency that even an unusually heavy rain fails to dampen the ardor of the devotees of vaudeville. This fact was in evidence last Monday evening, when every seat, with the exception of a couple of boxes, hired but not occupied, was filled with an expectant and appreciative auditor. There may have been a few carping critics present who might have found fault with one of two "turns" on the program, but the large majority of the critics—and every one is a critic who attends the theater—were pleased with the whole performance regardless whether the act in evidence was aesthetic or slapstick.

The omnivorous appetite of the Orpheum habitué is a thing to wonder at, and to see—occasionally. At certain moments the audience is more interesting than the performance. For instance, when a performer whose face is made up in a combination of

red, white, blue, black and yellow, suggesting the physiognomy of a rare kind of baboon, goes through a series of acrobatic exercises of the wildest description, and the lookers-on indulge in ecstatic, nay, frantic, demonstrations of delight, one is moved to wonder. The more idiotic the speech and action the greater is the applause. It is considered the polite thing to say that these performers play to the gallery, but the saying is not true. While the gods do their share of noisy appreciation, well dressed and apparently intelligent people in the lower regions of the house are just as emphatic and noisy, too. It has been repeatedly said that people do not go to the theater to think, but rather to be diverted, without thought, and certainly the time gives it proof.

Yet the managers, who only aim to give the public what it wants, have found it profitable to cater to people who do not boast of their mental vacuity, and there is a very decided advance in the character of vaudeville entertainments in the past few years, and this is especially to be noted on the Orpheum circuit as managed here. The gross vulgarity once permitted, if not encouraged, is now seen and heard no more, and if occasionally some slip is made by a new performer, it is not allowed to happen twice. As a whole, the program of the present time contains always some things that appeal to a cultivated taste, other things that if not of the highest standard are yet innocuous, and the provision made for the people who do not think must be suffered by the rest.

The best thing in the current week's bill is undoubtedly the Greek posing made by three men, who masquerade under the ridiculous title of "The Three Seldoms." Why do vaudeville people show so little originality in the names they assume? These three men are models of masculine symmetry and grace. They have brought the art of posing in imitation of marble statuary to a pitch of perfection hitherto undreamed of, and their tableaux are the most wonderful examples of artistic taste and technical skill that have ever been presented to public view. Their work is so far above the level of the rest of the program as to make it seem inferior to the standard it really attains.

In musical numbers there is the Philharmonic quartette, which succeeded in making a good impression with its first warblings, and then, encouraged by applause, ventured upon a piece of idiocy about a boy, a teacher and a tack, the point of which was wholly lost, not on the teacher, but on the audience. The other musical number was furnished by Messrs. McCue and Cahill, gentlemen of Hibernian extraction, who claim "Italian voices," but for what object was not perceptible. They sing well enough for the occasion which calls for their services, and there is nothing about them which suggests Italian airs. The Rooney Sisters, two slim little dancers, work hard, cultivating a joint and several facial expression indicating great enjoyment, but failing dismally in an attempt to add the delights of song to the merit of their Terpsichorean endeavors.

The inevitable monologist was in evidence, of course. This one possesses very long legs, and he emphasizes his physical peculiarities by wearing a very tight fitting costume, and shows his good taste by advertising himself as the "skinny guy." He delivered himself partly in prose and partly in doggerel, and found decided favor with his audience.

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THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH

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As given for twenty-five weeks at the Hudson Theater New York | "Worthy of Bret Harte's best days."
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An American Comedy by Paul Armstrong
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The Comic Opera Success

"Little Christopher"

Music by Gustave Kerker

Both Phones 525 Regular Matinee Saturdays & Sundays

Prices—Evenings 75c, 50c, 35c, 25c

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THE FAMILY THEATER

Commencing Sunday Matinee, March 18

W. E. Nankeville's Picturesque Melodrama

Human Hearts

The Play That Won't Wear Out

A heroic, pathetic drama of real life in the
Arkansas Hills

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday, 10c and 25c

Evenings, 10c, 25c, 50c

Next Week Return of Pollard's Lilliputians by
General Demand

Orpheum Theater

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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Commencing Monday, March 19

LILLIAN BURKHART & CO., Presenting "A Strenuous Daisy"
FOUR PICCOLO MIDGETS, The Smallest and Greatest Act of its Kind
AGNES MAHR, "The American Tommy Atkins"
MILE. CHESTER'S STATUE DOG, the most beautiful novelty before the public
ROONEY SISTERS, "Daughters of Pat," Singers and Dancers
McCUE & CAHILL, The Irishmen with the Italian Voices
AL CARLETON, "The Skinny Guy"
ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES, Latest Novelties
SHERMAN, DE FOREST & CO. in "The Battle of San Dago"

Matinees Daily

Except Mondays, 10c and 25c

Evenings, 10c 25c and 50c

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The only other turn of importance was the conjuring done by Herrman, who works amid a lavish display of oriental splendor of the accepted stage variety. His tricks are few in number, but are as mystifying as the most exacting person could desire. The moving pictures must be awarded a word of praise.

At Morosco's Burbank Theater "A Texas Steer," considered one of Hoyt's best productions, is drawing crowded houses at each performance, while at Belasco's "Old Heidelberg" continues its fascination. Barnum's work as the old professor is the most naturally artistic bit that he has given here, and Miss Lawton in the final scene is quite successful in bringing out the pathetic points, as may be evidenced by the tears of many in the audience.

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

Grusty Tips to Theatergoers

Mason.—"The Heir of the Hoorah," a new American comedy by Paul Armstrong, produced by the late Kirke La Shelle, comes next week, beginning Thursday. Lest the casual reader be misled by the rather wierd title of Mr. Armstrong's play, it must be explained that the "Hoorah" is the name of a gold mine and the "Heir" a male infant supposedly born in a chamber adjoining the one shown on the stage in which the action of the play takes place.

Morosco's.—"The Imperial Highway," a drama of which Manager Morosco has high hopes, will be the bill next week. Mr. Morosco himself is directing the stock company at present and his experience and energy will prove invaluable. The new members of the company, Carrol Ardin and Harry Glazier, will be seen to advantage in "The Imperial Highway."

Belasco's.—George Arliss, whose rare histrionic talent in "The Darling of the Gods" and "Leah Kleschna" will be recalled by theatergoers, is the author of the farce "There and Back," which will be put on by the stock company next Monday evening. Mr. Arliss will demonstrate that real humor is not an unknown commodity in England.

Orpheum.—Lillian Burkhart's return next Monday will undoubtedly be one of the red letter events of the vaudeville year. Miss Burkhart's popularity is due to her magnetic personality, her indefatigable industry and her dainty grace. This is intended to be her final appearance on the stage. She will present a little comedy of sentiment and slang entitled "A Strenuous Daisy," by Anna S. Richardson. The Piccolo Midgets, four clever Liliputians, will entertain with comedy, acrobatics and feats of strength. Agnes Mahr, the American Tommy Atkins, is another favorite returning next week. Mile. Chester and her beautiful statue dog, a pure white setter, will be seen in poses illustrating field sports. Holdovers will be Dan Sherman and Mabel deForest, the Rooney Sisters, McCue and Cahill, and Al Carleton.

Grand.—W. E. Nankeville's "Human Hearts" will be the bill next week.

Hotchkiss.—With Lottie Kendall as "Little Christopher," Nellie V. Nichols in the part of a Spanish girl; Laurel Atkins as an Irish widow worth four millions, and William Herman West and Robert Pitkin in the big comedy parts, together with E. Coit Albertson and Leo Adde in suitable roles, and Miss De Val in a singing part, the management promises a week of genuine and delightful comic opera.

In the Musical World

Professor Jahn and his friends object and, I think, with some reason to the suggestion sounded by **A. Sharp** in last week's musical review of the Graphic that since Mr. Harry Barnhart has seen fit, owing to poor health and overwork, to hand over the baton of the Apollo Club to Mr. Henry Schoenfeld, it is now in order that Mr. Jahn, director of the Los Angeles Choral Society, should also step down and out. This suggestion was based on an implied promise given by Mr. Jahn in an open letter a year ago in which he said that, believing as he did in the waste and folly of two such organizations as the Choral Society and the Apollo Club, he was prepared to resign his directorship whenever Mr. Barnhart set the example. But, in justice to Mr. Jahn and his good intentions, it would be unfair and absurd to expect Mr. Jahn to resign the directorship of the Choral Society four or five weeks before his promised presentation of the "Hymn of Praise," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." It will be time to talk of the consolidation of these two musical bodies when both of them are delivered of their magna opera at the end of this season. In the meantime, I am glad to state that the enthusiasts of both societies express the utmost confidence in their respective managements, and I have no doubt that Prof. Jahn will distinguish himself and the Choral Society on the evening of April 1 at the Mason Opera House. Certain, however, it is that if Los Angeles is to realize her best destinies, there must be in music, as in everything else, sincere coöperation. The very existence of two choral societies pretending the greatest works is on the face of it an absurdity, with not better motive than the petty jealousy which so frequently consumes musicians and others. It is only fair, however, to remember the fact that Prof. Jahn was the first musician, in latter days, to start a movement for the regular production of the great oratorios in this city.

B. FLAT.

Recent concerts in Los Angeles emphasize the growth that the city has made in musical appreciation. Such growth is not unexpected, for, since the days when Godowsky played to \$47 and other artists to amounts little more satisfactory, there has been added to the city perhaps one-third of the present population. Except for recitals by artists who have managed to arouse some extra musical excitement, such as Paderewski and Kubelik, Los Angeles now provides larger audiences than even New York city.

This sounds like one of the Behymerian statements one sees in the advance notices of the Sunday

papers, but it will stand the test of analysis. And when one begins to compare Los Angeles with other cities of the same size—or twice the size, for that matter—the others are not "in it."

For instance, Paderewski played here to \$4000 and Calvé is said to have attracted \$4600 to Simpson auditorium—the largest concert audience in the history of that house. Even the moderately good company of Alice Nielson played to \$5200 in her three-night engagement at the Mason. Emma Eames drew a remunerative audience; Schumann-Heink fills the auditorium. Galski's treasurer-husband looks happy over \$3500, and Reisenauer—well, he might have played to as good a sum as any of the pianists save Paderewski.

Next come Kubelik and Pugno. Now here is a prediction: Kubelik's hair and twins have been written about sufficiently to bring him a \$3000 audience, or perhaps two \$2500 ones. (N. B. Hair is a necessity, though twins are not; but hair plus twins is a combination the public will not be able to resist. Pugno, like all pianists, will have a harder row to hoe. He is the greatest living French pianist. But what matters that to Los Angeles? He has played with the greatest symphony orchestras in the United States and out. But he has neither advertisable hair, nor, so far as made known, has he produced twins. But there is one point on which the astute Behymer may lay stress, and it is a rare one; the pianist has whiskers! Luxuriant, thick, bushy, a tropical growth that should not escape the pen of the advertising agent. That Pugno may be a consummate artist and stand among those who cry "Holy! Holy! Holy!" is an interesting point; but think of the far more popular possibilities in whiskers! Certainly, it matters not whether the hirsute adornment be on the scalp or the chin. We have had enough of the cranial embellishment—Reisenauer had long, curly locks—here's to the chin!

Speaking of Reisenauer, "the Reincarnation of Liszt," as his local advertisements had it, Musical America of March 3, in a first-column article dated Los Angeles, has it that on the occasion of his recital here, "a few minutes before nine o'clock he was found with a party of friends finishing a wine dinner. He had forgotten all about the performance." The whole article is a successful attempt to cover up the pianist's champagne condition here, and forestall any true statement of the matter. So far, no musical paper has had the courage to publish the facts, though they have been supplied, and as Reis-

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L. E. G. MACLEOD, Director

enauer's manager advertises with them all, probably nothing more will be said, save that he exhibited one of the eccentricities of genius while in the West, a matter which proves more than anything else he is a "Reincarnation of Liszt."

To enjoy to the full such works as any symphony orchestra plays they must be given several hearings. One might as well say he had reached the bottom of a Shakespearean play at one sitting as to claim a full appreciation of a symphony at a single sitting. Yet the most of us hear these works but once, and perhaps feel bored at times before the end; but the conductor and the players see new beauties after a tenth or twentieth practice. There are several amateurs and musicians in Los Angeles who make the most of the symphony orchestra practices in order to obtain a larger grasp of the content of the works. Among these is the Rev. Reiser of Pasadena, who is as regular as some of the players; and moreover he is probably the only man, save Director Hamilton, who has never missed a symphony concert since the organization of the orchestra, nearly nine years ago: a record that might be emulated by the rest of the cloth, for, with all respect to the ministry, there is no body of men that has as much culture in other directions and as little knowledge and appreciation of artistic music as the clergy. This is largely the result of the training of denominational colleges and theological seminaries, where art is held to be the very devil. It is much more important to know the cut of the Adamitic garments than to understand an accepted art form. But hold! This thought leads to the ministerial attitude toward a high class of music in the churches, and from this topic, Lord defend us! It would take a volume.

Speaking of the symphony orchestra reminds me that Prof. Wollé has been keeping up to his reputation at Berkeley. He has been doing things. This habit of his made his name one of the most prominent in musical matters in the East for the last decade, even though he confined his energies to the little but ancient town of Bethlehem, Pa. What he did there with his Bach choir has become a matter of history; but what he is doing at Berkeley is not yet written down. Recently he organized a symphony orchestra. Being a new organization, and having just given its second concert, the tone body is not yet well balanced, nor is the playing such as he will make it.

But the point is that at this second concert, which was in the nature of a Mozart celebration, seven thousand persons made up the audience. Think of it, ye who attend the Los Angeles symphony concerts—seven thousand. Harley Hamilton would feel faint if he faced one thousand at a symphony concert—or can one say faced when one has his back to an audience?

The result of such music at Berkeley can not be calculated. Here are two thousand young people, most of whom had never heard a large orchestra until Prof. Wollé arrived—for the majority come from the rural districts and the small cities—and now there is put in their way the opportunity to hear a series of educational concerts of chorus and orchestra music that would be a credit to any large city. For the college chorus is on its way to do big things in a big way. After two or four years of this kind of thing and these young people will go

back to their homes and thousands more will take their places. They go out into other communities having an appreciation for good music, and, if they have been participants, have a practical ability and enthusiasm that will enable them to become powers for good, spreading the gospel of good music in places where the height of music was a pianola performance, or a volunteer choir rendition of a Gospel hymn. If there is any place a strong musical personality is needed, it is in a state university. The plant, the students were there; all Berkeley needed was a man of experience, enthusiasm, reputation, personality—and him it now has in Wolle. Here's to Wolle and more power to his elbow.

The old adage that lightning does not strike twice in the same spot has been disproved in the case of Henry Schoenfeld, the eminent musician, who recently was chosen to conduct the fortunes of the Apollo Club. Some years ago, one of his compositions was awarded a \$500 prize; later, in competition with prominent composers of France and other countries, the Marteau violin sonata prize of 500 francs came his way; and now he is in receipt of a check for \$300, having been awarded a prize in the Ladies' Home Journal Nordica song competition, accompanying which came a letter of warm congratulation from the eminent singer. Mr. Schoenfeld's song is a short, concise tune, only twenty-two measures in length—which will give the aspiring student of composition a chance to get out his little pencil and calculate just how much per measure a man with brains can make by writing songs—then let him try it! Mr. Schoenfeld has been recognized by the best musicians as an eminent composer, and now his compositions at the symphony orchestra, his taking the Apollo baton, and this more tangible \$300 award will cause the general public to adjust its mind to the fact that there is living in Los Angeles another of the best composers in the country.

A letter from Miss Fagge brings the news that Caesar Thompson, the great Belgian violinist, will rusticate at Altadena for a week next fall, as he is en route to South America. He will visit at the home of Miss West, who is studying with him, and will enjoy the beauties of Southern California for a time in the midst of his tour. It is now in order for the amateurs to get out their autograph albums and to practice up for an opportunity to play for the master and ask his opinion—or flattery.

A. SHARP.

Music Notes

Noteworthy events of the season will be the recitals next Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon, by Raoul Pugno, who is considered the greatest French pianist of the age. His program will be as follows:

Tuesday Evening, March 20.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| Prelude et Fugue—F minor..... | Bach |
| Gavotte—G major | Handel |
| Pieré—A major | Searlatti |
| Sonata—C♯, minor Op. 2 F..... | Beethoven |
| a. Ballade in G minor..... | Chopin |
| b. Impromptu Posthume | Chopin |
| c. Scherzo, B♭ minor | Chopin |
| d. Berceuse | Chopin |
| e. Polonaise in E♭ major..... | Chopin |
| Phantasiestücke Op. 12 | Schumann |
| Serenade a la Lune | R. Pugno |
| XI e Rhapsodie | Liszt |

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| | |
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| Les Roseaux | Couperin |
| Le Réveille-Matin | |
| Le Rappel des Diables | Rameau |
| Sonata in B minor, Op. 31 | Beethoven |
| Faschingschwank aus Wien, Op. 26 | Schumann |
| Impromptu in Ab | Chopin |
| Nocturne, F# major | Chopin |
| Valse, Ab | Chopin |
| Rondeau brillante | Weber |
| La Fileuse | Mendelssohn |
| La Chane | Mendelssohn |
| Papillons | Grieg |
| Au Printemps | Grieg |
| XII e Rhapsodie | Liszt |

Kubelik the famous violinist, will be heard in concert at Simpson Auditorium on the night of Tuesday, March 27, and the afternoon of Saturday, March 31. This is his second American tour, and already has proved a commercial as well as artistic success. Kubelik is the youngest man in the world to wear the insignia of the Knighthood of St. Gregory. He was but twenty-two years of age when appointed to this noble but exclusive order by Pope Leo XIII, shortly before the venerable Pontiff's death. The great young Bohemian violinist, through his manager, Hugo Gorlitz, has taken out the most unusual insurance policies in existence. They are not risks upon his life, or upon his castle, Byechor, near Prague, but upon his fingers, his toes, and his violins. The insurance upon the virtuoso's fingers amounts to \$100,000, or \$50,000 for each hand, and \$10,000 for each finger and thumb. His toes and feet are covered by insurance in just half that amount. If Kubelik's fingers should be temporarily injured so that he would have to miss one or more concerts, the Lloyds of London agree to pay Mr. Gorlitz \$2000 for each non-appearance up to fifty. If the violinist misses that number of performances, the tour will be considered ended, and the face value of the \$100,000 policy will be turned over to Mr. Gorlitz. Kubelik, on his own behalf, has insured his three famous violins. He has a Stradivarius valued at \$14,000, and two Guarneri worth \$9000 each.

Noah La Vigne, the baritone, who made good at the Hotchkiss last week, was placed in the company by Marquis Ellis.

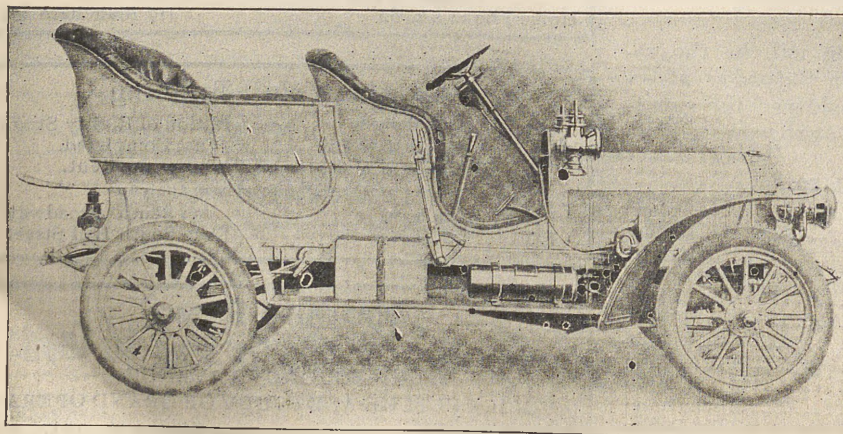
Autos and Autoists

The beginning of the present week found the automobile fraternity of this city chafing at two things. First and worst, was the taxation of the cars of tourists who are spending a few weeks or perhaps ^{two} or three months here. Second, the rain. But the latter was a very secondary matter. It seems to be the unanimous opinion of autoists that taxing the cars of the tourists is an outrage, and that it is bound to hurt Southern California. A dozen instances have been recited to me of people who read that the city assessor of Los Angeles was a Welsh brigand, and decided to cut Los Angeles out of their itinerary accordingly. Many of our wealthy visitors bring their autos with them when they come here. They assert that they have to pay assessment on them at home, and quite naturally object to paying taxes in two places. Many of the automobile dealers of this city have told the Graphic what they thought of the taxation, and in no uncertain terms.

H. D. Ryus had some unpleasant experiences with officious understudies of the redoubtable Assessor Lewis. "Every one who has been here on assessor's business has done that business in a mean way," said Mr. Ryus. "One was here the other day who declared that a certain tourist couldn't go out with his car until he had paid the assessment on it. I was instructed not to allow the car out of the garage until the tourist had punbled. I replied that I had no authority to do such a thing, and that the deputy assessor had better get a policeman to perform such duty. Tourists help us along in too many ways to be held up in this fashion. The assessments levied on cars are too often excessively high. An automobile deteriorates very fast, and is often worth actually less than it is assessed at. Real estate, which is constantly increasing in value in Los Angeles, is assessed at about one-third its actual cash value. You can't tell me there is any justice in this unbalanced condition."

Dr. Joslyn of San Francisco came to Los Angeles recently in his White steamer. He kept his car when he wasn't using it at the White Garage, and the deputy city assessor instructed Mr. Ryus to hold it until the assessment levied against it had been paid. When

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told of this Dr. Joslyn replied that his machine was listed in San Francisco, and that he didn't propose to pay two assessments on it. He promptly shipped it back to San Francisco.

H. M. Fuller of the Success Automobile Company, 420 South Hill street, said: "Taxing tourists' automobiles is nothing short of an outrage. I know of three wealthy tourists who were here with Winton cars, and expected to remain through the winter, who skipped out when they learned of the game the city assessor was playing. Tourists feel that they are being imposed upon—held up—and they won't stand for it a moment."

Leon T. Shettler: "It makes me sick. You should see the letters I have received from people in the East. I received two letters last week from easterners who said they had read of the taxation of tourists' automobiles, and that they had decided to cut out their intended visits, as they didn't care to submit to such a skin game."

R. C. Hamlin: "I don't think the taxation is just, to say the least. We are doing everything to get tourists to come to Southern California, and we should be careful how we do things which will displease them. If the city isn't getting enough from taxes from the automobilists, let the proper authorities tell us. We wouldn't object to the tax on our cars being a bit higher, if it would do any good."

W. K. Cowan: "I think this taxing of tourists' automobiles is a mighty small policy. It's like the many who put up a nickel before their eyes and hide a \$20 gold piece. It is antagonistic to our visitors. The zeal of the city assessors' deputies is running away with them. There are many laws and ordi-

nances which need enforcing worse than this law."

And there were many others who thought the same and even stronger thoughts. As the printer is unwilling to set up expletives, I shall have to leave the stronger thoughts to the imagination of the reader.

Before I depart from the subject of taxation it might be well to put before the public a suggestion of Capt Ryus regarding the use of money derived from the taxation of automobiles.

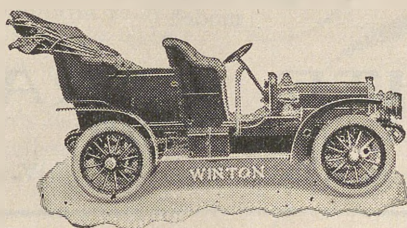
"I am not a whit opposed to taxation," declared Ryus, speaking of the Lewis-tourist episode. "I was only opposed to making tourists help pay our taxes, when they are so much to us. I think the money derived from the taxation of automobiles and the automobile business should be devoted to the betterment of our roads. The road between this city and Pasadena, for instance, I will venture is one of the poorest in the whole United States. It is not fit to drive mules over. There is many a hole in the highway in which you could lose a wheelbarrow. I would be willing to wager that a horse couldn't pull three people in a carriage over that road."

Here is food for thought. The automobilists in the East have been instrumental in the building of countless miles of good roads. They have caused the building of roads that never were brought to the attention of the public before. They have opened the eyes of the people of this country to the condition of our roads. The roads of this section are notoriously poor. There is no reason why they shouldn't be famous the world over for their fine quality. We have the materials at hand, and our experience has shown that with the proper use of oil we can make roads as

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good as asphalt pavement. When the committee representing the automobile dealers of this city held a conference with the finance committee of the city council some time since, it was suggested that there would be no objection to the taxation of garages if the money were to be expended for the betterment of roads. The cry for better roads is becoming universal. The time to strike is just as good now as it ever will be. Automobilists can not expect the supervisors to go ahead and build roads for them unless pressure is brought to bear upon them. Therefore, it is up to the automobile enthusiasts to institute a good roads movement in this city which will result in something tangible. It can be accomplished if properly handled.

The recent rains tended somewhat to dampen the usually blithe spirits of H. D. Ryus. "Every time I start races it rains," he complained to me the other day. "I have started races three times, and thrice has it rained. I've washed my hands of the business. Do I mean it? I certainly do. Rain put an end to the races at Agricultural Park, scheduled for last Sunday, and I have decided not to hold them. It costs money to get up a racing program, and every time that program is spoiled that money is thrown to the

winds. I shan't endeavor to hold any more races on my own hook. The elements seem to be against me. That's a game I can't buck against."

Capt. Ryus won't be conspicuous by his absence, however, when the three days' racing meet is held at Agricultural Park, which is now scheduled for Fiesta week. That meet should prove even more successful than was the last. The weather then should be more propitious than on the occasion of the last races, and there will be more outsiders present to instill some new life into the game. There will be plenty of fast cars, and plenty of attempts to annihilate time and world's records. Barney Oldfield will be here, and he will bring as his traveling companion his new Peerless racing car. Tom Cooper will also come with Oldfield, and will race against him in his Green Dragon. Then there will be Eddie Bald, who will go against time in his Columbia racing motor. Bert Dingley will guide the graceful Billie Boy, and John Pearson will be at the helm of the Greyhound. With this array of talent who are on to the twisters of the racing game, together with the boys who skip about the oval occasionally "just for fun," there should be some programs calculated to please the most exacting.

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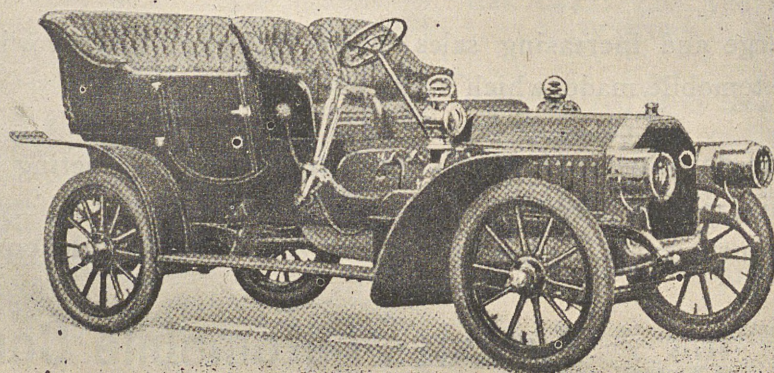
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1205-1207
So. Main St.

The Peerless and Wayne agencies coupled with the repairers, Siefert & Williams, who were forced by a "Flint" hearted landlord to vacate their old quarters on South Broadway at the expiration of their lease, are having the times of their lives amid the piles of mortar, running water, brick, and flying dust, that for the present riot at their unfinished home in the new Capito building on South Main and Twelfth streets. For at least two weeks the old tribune of neighbors will have to bunk in a merry pot-pourri of confusion and building contractors' "conology," in the one-story annex that adjoins the rear of the Twelfth street side of this extensive structure. Messrs. Pawley and Bennett are the sage philosophers, however, under the aggravating conditions, threatening to get even by springing a bunch of surprises on confiding autoists just as soon as they have the room necessary to display the merits of the 1906 cars. It will no doubt be many a day before Barney Oldfield's record-breaking feats with the "Peerless Green Dragon" are forgotten.

A. J. Smith, and C. A. Anthony of the Elmore, also have their troubles, for instead of receiving a long overdue consignment of Elmore on Monday, as expected and widely advertised, information came from the Santa Fé officials that the train bearing the factory's first shipment had been ditched and partly wrecked fourteen miles outside of Albuquerque. Were a few sulphurous remarks made by Manager Smith on receipt of the doleful news? Rumor says there were. But what a provocation with a brand new garage awaiting the belated invoice!

H. M. Fuller, manager of the Success Automobile Company, 420 South Hill street, reports the sale of model K Wintons to G. T. Adams of the Adams Pipe Company, and T. H. Thompson of Pasadena. Business is on the increase, and the outlook is bright.

R. C. Hamlin, 1806 South Main street, who handles the Franklin automobile, has sold a Franklin to J. E. Braly. There are other sales, too, but these couldn't be made public when this article was written.

It's good news to hear that the roads between San Francisco and Los Angeles are in excellent condition at this time of the year, but such intelligence was

brought to this city last week by a couple who should know. They were tourists who came down the coast in Franklin cars. Neither was trying to make record time, but both made exceptionally quick trips. A Mr. Moore of Portland arrived in Los Angeles in a Franklin touring car after a very pleasant trip. Mr. Moore journeyed from San Francisco to Los Angeles without making an adjustment of his machine. The other tourist was Mr. Specks of San Francisco, who came down from the northern city in a Franklin runabout. He is now an ardent advocate of that journey as a pleasure outing. Previous rains, it seems, had put the roads in fine shape.

An after-Fiesta event is being arranged in a White steamer tour from this city to San Francisco and return. The tour is being arranged by Captain C. W. Jargstorff. The run will be made in easy stages, with stops at Santa Barbara, Del Monte, Los Robles and other points of interest along the route. Repair men will be sent along with the party by the White Garage.

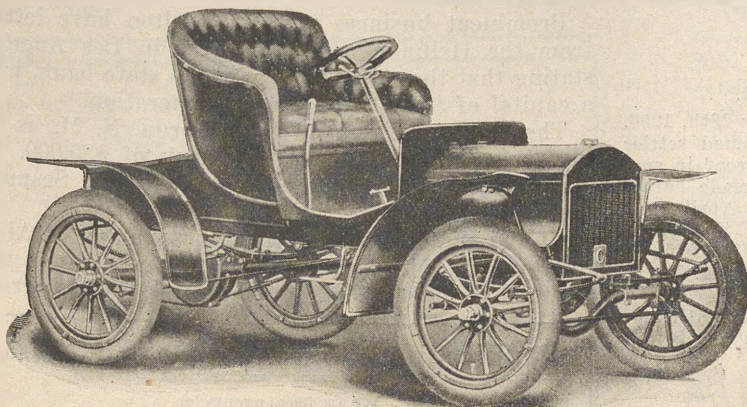
Medals awarded in the Los Angeles-San Diego endurance run have been received by Mr. J. W. Wilcox, for general excellence of the Maxwell car, and Mr. C. B. Smith, who received a medal for his fine driving. The Maxwell made a perfect score but was disqualified for carrying a sign.

Pope-Toledo cars have been sold by the Western Motor Car Company to Mr. Ben Myer and Mr. Joseph B. Banning.

E. E.

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES—
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.



This beauty is our 16 H. P. Runabout, engine under hood, shaft drive, \$900

WAYNE TOURING CARS

60 H. P., seats 7, \$3650 28 H. P., seats 5, \$2150
40 H. P., seats 5, \$2650 24 H. P., seats 5, \$1400

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No. 287.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2nd, 1906.

Notice of Application for United States Patent.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of the Act of Congress, approved May 10th, 1872, William B. Wall, President and the duly authorized agent to apply for U. S. Patent for THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY, a corporation, whose post office address is Santa Ana, California, the said THE SANTA ANA OIL COMPANY being the owner of the PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, has made application for patent for said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM, said claim being a placer situated in the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District, County of Los Angeles, State of California, being the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, of Section 18, T. 3 North, Range 15 West, S. B. M., according to the U. S. Government survey, containing forty (40) acres.

Said claim is bounded on the north and east by patented lands of John W. Saunders, on the south by patented lands of the Pacific Coast Oil Company and on the west by patented land of Martin Clint.

The notice of location of said PETROLEUM KING PLACER MINING CLAIM is of record in the office of the Recorder of Los Angeles County, in Book 3 of Mining Locations, page 224, and in the records of the San Fernando Petroleum Mining District in Book "F" of said records, page 170, Los Angeles County, California.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground above described, or any portion thereof, are hereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed as according to law and the regulations thereunder, within the time prescribed by law, with the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, they will be barred in virtue of the provisions of said statute.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

It is hereby ordered, that the foregoing notice of application for patent be published for nine consecutive weeks in the Graphic, a weekly newspaper published in the City of Los Angeles, State of California.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-9t

Notice for Publication.**DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.**

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., February 28th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on April 14th, 1906, viz.: Rufus Clayton White, Homestead Entry No. 9407, for the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 25, W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ and N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 36, Township 1. N., R. 17 W., S. B. M.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.:

Philip Lesueur, Sr., of Calabasas, Cal.
Philip Lesueur, Jr., of Calabasas, Cal.
William C. Masson, of Los Angeles, Cal.
C. F. Greenleaf, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Frank C. Prescott,
Register.

March 10-5t

Financial

I. W. Hellman has made the following statement about the new trust company he is organizing: "We are proceeding slowly, all the decision we have come to being that the capital will be at least \$1,000,000, probably much more, possibly several times that amount. In selecting directors I am seeking the best men for a new undertaking. There are in every institution directors whose only purpose and ability is to draw down dividends, but of this new concern I wish men whose ability and influence will be of avail. Some of the directors will be those of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, but not all. I may add that the only trouble I am having in the matter is to select the stockholders, for the applications are many times over the amount that we need. It will be six months or so before the new building is ready for occupancy, so we are taking ample time to organize carefully."

Mr. Hellman, by the way, was not formerly much of a believer in the destiny of Los Angeles. He is now about as sanguine as W. M. Garland. Listen to this: "I can make no predictions as to what the population will be, but it is safe to say that since the city has passed the 250,000 mark already, the growth of a city that is always assured after passing the 200,000 mark will be more pronounced in Los Angeles than any other city, owing principally to the delightful climatic conditions that exist here. I am so assured of the great future of this city that I do not hesitate to invest in real estate almost any place in the city or in the surrounding places. How you can stop the spreading of Los Angeles from the mountains to the sea I cannot imagine. The time which it will take for Los Angeles to grow to such dimensions can hardly be predicted with any definite accuracy, but it is a foregone conclusion with not only myself but with thousands of other heavy investors in the State."

A savings bank is being organized by men interested in the First National Bank of San Pedro.

The Escondido Bank having been succeeded by the Escondido National Bank, the stockholders of the former have sold their charter to parties at Highland Park, and it will be taken there and a new bank opened.

The New Mexican National Bank at Silver City opened March 15. C. C. Shoemaker is president, A. F. Kerr, cashier.

Prominent business men of Colton have letters from the Hellman representatives in Los Angeles, stating that they wish to organize a state bank, with a capital of \$50,000, and ask co-operation.

The National Bank of Alamogorda, N. M., is being organized with a capital stock of \$25,000. Alfred Hunter is to be president and Bert Seamans cashier.

United States Bank and Trust Company of Albuquerque, N. M., has incorporated. Directors are Howard S. Reed, Wm. A. Hampton, Chas. Ingram.

Pacific Coast Mines Bureau**Mining
Investments**

We are fiscal agents for
The Bluebell Gold Mining and Milling Company of California
Tonopah-Wall Street Mining Company
El Dorado-Nevada Mining Company

421 Chamber Commerce

Los Angeles, California

Richard H. Hanna, Frank Owen, and N. B. Laughlin. Capital \$50,000, divided into 500 shares of \$100 each.

A new banking company has been organized in Los Angeles and will open May 1 at Seventh and Broadway. Capital \$500,000, with \$100,000 paid in. Officers are J. B. Lankershim, president; Newton J. Skinner, vice-president, Walter Snider, cashier.

The new Covina National Bank has secured banking quarters in the Reed Block.

N. W. Halsey & Co. have secured the \$250,000 sea wall bond issue of San Francisco. Among the other bidders were the Adams-Phillips Company of Los Angeles, A. B. Leach & Co., E. H. Rollins & Sons, N. W. Harris & Co., the German Savings and Loan Society of San Francisco, the National Bank of D. O. Mills of Sacramento, and the Union Trust Company of San Francisco.

Pomona's Board of Trade is formulating a plan for issuing \$100,000 in school bonds.

T. J. Hook of Los Angeles has bought the \$150,000 school bond issue of the city of Pasadena, paying \$3015.60 premium.

The San Dimas School District votes March 31 on a \$17,000 school bond issue.

The City Council of Los Angeles has passed an ordinance calling a special bond election to decide on the following issues: Bridges, \$287,500; city prison and sub-stations, \$50,000; fire department, \$200,000; sewers, \$287,500; storm drains, \$225,000. The election will be held some time in April.

Long Beach is considering an issue of \$15,000 for library purposes, the sum to be added to a gift of \$12,500 from Andrew Carnegie.

The voters of Ocean Park have defeated the proposition to issue \$10,000 bonds for constructing a bulkhead.

The Mesa School District, Santa Barbara county, votes April 6 on a proposition to issue \$3500 in school bonds.

San Diego votes April 3 on the proposition to issue \$160,000 in school bonds.

The stockholders of the Home Gas Company of San Bernardino have authorized an issue of \$40,000 in bonds, the money to be used in enlarging the plant and system.

The Los Angeles Supervisors will receive bids up to March 26 for the \$8400 issue of the Belevedere School District.

The American National Bank of Los Angeles has secured the \$16,000 issue of wharf bonds of Long Beach, paying \$911 premium.

Corona votes March 29 on an issue of \$35,000 school bonds.

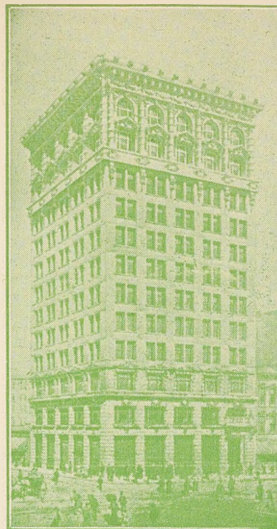
SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00



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Established January 3, 1885

OVER 30,500

DEPOSITORS

Assets over \$7,800,000

SAFE DEPOSIT

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4% Interest on Term Deposits

S. E. Cor. Fourth
and Spring Sts.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, Jan. 29th, 1906

| RESOURCES | |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Loans and Discounts | \$9,009,257.10 |
| Overdrafts | 52,328.74 |
| U. S. Bonds | 1,559,000.00 |
| Premium on U. S. Bonds | 55,169.24 |
| Bonds | 749,826.75 |
| Due from U. S. | |
| Treasurer | 62,500.00 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 39,732.76 |
| Cash on Hand | |
| (Special Deposit) | 80,000.00 |
| Cash | \$5,163,294.76 |
| Due from other Banks | |
| | 3,652,978.10 |
| | \$18,424,087.45 |

| LIABILITIES | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Capital Stock | \$1,250,000.00 |
| Surplus | 250,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | 1,142,450.82 |
| Circulation | 1,250,000.00 |
| Special Deposit, | |
| City Treasurer | 80,000.00 |
| Deposits | 14,451,636.63 |

\$18,424,087.45

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

A Trip Through Orange Groves

Via "Inside Track"

Special train daily from Arcade Depot at 9:00 a. m. Long stops at Riverside and Redlands. Returning arrive at Los Angeles 6:50 p. m. From Pasadena at 9:05 a. m., except Sunday and on Sunday at 8:20 a. m. Round trip to Redlands (good via Riverside and San Bernardino) \$3.00.

Round trip to Riverside or San Bernardino \$2.75. Tickets good for return day following date of sale. Tickets and information, with illustrated booklet at

261 S. Spring St. cor. 3d, and Arcade Depot

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COLD STORAGE CO.,**

H. JEVNE CO.

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Thurston's Silver Polish is a polish behind which we can place the Jevne guarantee. The very best for cleaning all kinds of metal—gold, silver, etc. Free from acids and will not scratch. Highly endorsed by manufacturers of silver-ware.

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LILY CREAM is superior in richness, purity, and delicacy of flavor to any dairy product obtainable. Its goodness is protected in an air-tight can, which brings it unimpaired to your table.

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The "Lily Primer"—just published—free for the asking.

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Los Angeles, Cal.